

occupies in the minds of all lovers of literature, with the undignified creatures who wrote about him. Cottle, Gillman, Allsop are not names to conjure with. The unfortunate subject of their lucubrations seems never, whilst in their hands, to escape from a dull back-parlour in a third-rate street in a provincial town with horse-hair chairs and a stale smell of opium.

Joseph Cottle, the brother of Amos, the author of "The Sparrow and the Gudgeon," and an epic or two, is the best of these Coleridgian biographers, and his two volumes of "Early Recollections" contain many good things, oddly told; but the general effect produced is shabby and unsatisfactory. A scholar, a poet with the finest ear in Europe, a critic like unto none before or since, ought not to be found writing dull, twaddling letters, even to Joseph Cottle. It may be attributable to lack of humour; most things are nowadays. But Coleridge had humour, and sarcasm too. He could ridicule, not only his friends, but himself. Perhaps he did the former a little more like life. He writes to Cottle, "I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* (1797) three mock sonnets, in ridicule of my own poems and Charles Lloyd's and Lamb's, exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in commonplace epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, etc., etc. The instances were almost all taken from myself, and Lamb, and Lloyd. I signed them Nehemiah Higginbotham. I think they may do good to our young bards. God love you.—S. T. C." Here is one of the sonnets, "To Simplicity;" it is after Lamb:—

"O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart and soothes each small distress—
Distress though small, yet haply great to me.
'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on—yet though I know not why,
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Grow cold and miff, O! I am very sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall,
Now of my false friend 'plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general:
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all—
All very simple—meek Simplicity."

Charles Lamb did not, so it is said, at all appreciate his poetical partner and co-author turning the productions of the firm into ridicule—but the Sonnet to Simplicity may have done him good, as Coleridge piously hoped, for all that.

Allsop must have been a figure of fun. His two volumes about Coleridge contain some interesting letters, lively criticism of Sir Walter Scott, and scraps of conversation; but the ridiculous character of the compiler hangs over the whole book, and makes it almost contemptible. The story of the man with Lamb's smile is growing stale, but it can never altogether lose its aroma. Here it is, italics and all:—

"I have said that I never knew anyone who at all approached or resembled our delightful housemate. I am wrong. I once met a man with his smile. His smile. There is nothing like it upon earth, unless perchance this man survives. And yet how unlike in every other regard, personal and mental; not that the man who had by some most extraordinary means acquired or appropriated this *sunshine of the face* was at all deficient in mental qualities. . . . He was, I believe, a stockbroker. . . . Yet this man had never known Lamb, still his smile was the same—the *selfsame* expression on a different face—if indeed whilst that smile passed it you could see any difference. To those who wish to see the only thing left on earth, *if it is still left*, of Lamb, his best and most beautiful remain, his smile, I will indicate its possessor—Mr. Harman, of Throgmorton Street!"

To have a creature like this tied to his tail would have made Julius Caesar ridiculous. One must compassionate Coleridge upon his biographers. They were ridiculous, and not dull. Wordsworth's luck, so humorously described by De Quincey, followed him in the tomb. His biography is unreadable. Not

risible, not absurd, not disappointing—in the sense of beginning well and then falling off again—but from first to last, from birth to death, absolutely impossible. No one has ever read the *Life of Wordsworth*. Yet there it is, decent, clerical, composed, with an admirable portrait. Wordsworth was indeed a lucky fellow.

Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, like Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, is a fragment. There all resemblance ceases. It is dull and awkward. The most recent of Coleridge's biographers, Mr. Ashe, in the new Aldine Edition of the *Poems*, has his subject at his fingers' ends. Mr. Dykes Campbell perhaps might be able to trip him up over a date, or even to correct his bibliography, but Mr. Ashe's knowledge will stand any less severe test. But it has not engendered reverence. Mr. Ashe raps the author of "Christabel" pretty sharply over the knuckles at times. This jars upon me. Petty fault-finding with the dead is an odious task. Yet what is to be done? If there is to be an authoritative and lengthy *Life of Coleridge*, what other tone is there for it to adopt?

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to be patronising and admit the public on payment of thirty-six shillings to two carefully swept volumes ending with a nicely selected view of the Highgate Seer as the Christian Philosopher. The chatter of half a century, the Cottles and the Allsops, the De Quinceys and the Carlyles, have put that out of the question.

How much of Coleridge is still fruitful for man, and how much has Time put up for ever in his wallet? This is the question the biographer of Coleridge must ask himself again and again. It is a difficult question. To answer it hastily would be disrespectful to many distinguished men—mostly dead men no doubt, but none the less distinguished on that account. Many will be found to answer it by saying, the Poet, the Critic, and the Table-talkers live; the rest no longer counts. Some might insist on adding the Leading-Article Writer.

Coleridge's poetry—meaning thereby his best things—and his Criticism are known to everybody; but his volume of "Table-Talk," though of course well known, is not so widely distributed, so generally to be found within an arm's-length of everywhere, as it ought to be. Were we alone on Salisbury Plain, I would whisper in your ear, "Coleridge's 'Table-Talk' is better than Selden's, more varied than Luther's, almost as readable and vastly more instructive than Dr. Johnson's." Mr. Traill, an excellent judge of a book, pronounces it "one of the most delightful in the world."

It is (thank Heaven!) entirely free from any trace of Cottle or of Allsop, and is in no way reminiscent of Mr. Gillman's back-parlour. We have in it the scholar, the gentleman, the poet, the politician, the critic, and the theologian, each very much at his ease. Of course it is S. T. C. all the time. "For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance—that with my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine." There is something piteous in this thankfulness.

"Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

But would this hasty answer be the right one? To lop off the philosopher is a bold stroke. Take down the first volume of Mr. J. S. Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions," and turn to the article "Coleridge," first published in 1840, six years after the poet's death. Mill was not a disciple, but with

what solemnity does he write of the master! "Every Englishman of the present day is by implication either a Benthamite or a Coleridgean." "The time is yet far distant when in the estimate of Coleridge, and of his influence upon the intellect of our time, anything like unanimity can be looked for." "As a philosopher, the class of thinkers has scarcely yet arisen by whom he is to be judged." These sentences suffice to show that in Mill's opinion Coleridge was not merely an influential and suggestive writer, but a great thinker destined to engage the concentrated attention of students for long years to come.

Fifty years have gone by since Mill's article, and unless the judgment be that Coleridge was not a philosopher at all, no other has been passed, nor does it look as if one were in course of preparation. Tractarians and nebulous persons have owed Coleridge much, and drunk inspiration at his fountains, but they have passed away to other things than his. The men of philosophy nowadays do not want Coleridge's religion, nor do the men of religion want his philosophy. His "Aids to Reflection" stirred youthful piety, and awoke a new interest in the writings of Archbishop Leighton and other Divines of the best period of our Church's history. His views on Bibliolatry made parents uneasy as they heard the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" crudely reproduced at the tea-table by their children. But this is now all ancient history. It would be a task for one wizard to set another to construct a soul-shelter, warranted to stand a week's wear and tear, out of the odds and ends of Coleridgean ways of thought.

If this indeed be so, the Life of Coleridge need not be a very long one. Perhaps there hardly need be one at all. Coleridge's best is priceless. This mortal has put on immortality. Why seek the living amongst the unbeautiful dead and a sordid past? Close your Cottle; open your "Christabel." Forget De Quincey's spite and Carlyle's scorn, and read "Kubla Khan," and the next time you go a railway journey slip the "Table-Talk" into your pocket.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY. By John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS gigantic book has very properly been entitled a history rather than a biography. As a biography, it would probably be the biggest that has ever been written. Even as a history, it has few competitors, being considerably longer than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," or Mr. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and not much shorter than Henri Martin's "History of France." It fills ten volumes, of about five hundred pages each, making, in all, nearly five thousand large octavo pages. No mere biography could fill so great a space, especially as there are few letters, and no diary; all is narrative and comment. But, in fact, though called by Mr. Lincoln's name, the book contains the material for three books worked up into one. There is a narrative, and a very minute narrative, of Mr. Lincoln's personal life. There is a political history of the United States, from the party Conventions of 1856 down till Lincoln's death in April, 1865; a history, which, of course, becomes much more minute during the four years and two months of his presidency. And there is a military history of the Civil War, not less full, and perhaps more exact than that which Thiers has given of the campaigns of Napoleon. Thus, the book is virtually a history of the struggle, first political, then military also, between the Northern

and the Southern States, which slavery provoked, and which led to its extinction.

The theme is a great one, and it has fallen into worthy hands. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were the President's private secretaries, and they had, therefore, the best means of knowing all that he did, and of understanding the motives that guided him. While still in his service, they formed the design of recording the events which they saw passing, and they have laboured assiduously ever since at the task, collecting and sifting all the information attainable that bore upon their enterprise. With the view of testing the correctness of what they had gathered, as well as of eliciting further details, they hit upon the happy device of publishing many of these chapters in the *Century Magazine*, inviting criticisms and additions. These flowed in freely, and have been found very serviceable. The result is a work which may fairly be called monumental in this sense, that it will long remain, not only to witness to the diligence and industry which have built it up, but also to preserve, in an admirable form, the memory of the great man to whom it is consecrated. It has taken its place among what we call the Sources of History, for it is not a mere compilation, but partly a record of matters within the immediate knowledge of the authors, partly the result of an examination by them of existing evidence which cannot be equally well undertaken by inquirers in later generations, who will want the direct personal familiarity with the circumstances and feelings of the time which contemporaries possess. True it is that contemporaries often lose, in respect of partisanship, as much as they gain in respect of knowledge. These authors, however, are not partisans. They are, perhaps, too much disposed to admire and applaud Lincoln in everything; but this tendency is so common among biographers that the reader knows how to allow for it. That they should be also more severe in their judgments of Southern politicians than an European historian would be, is natural, for the time has not yet arrived when an American, or at least an American over fifty years of age, can write of that great struggle with dispassionate composure. But such feeling as they show does not impair our confidence in their truthfulness and accuracy—the qualities most needed for the purpose of a book like this—while the warmth occasionally displayed enables us to realise more vividly the sentiments of those who surrounded Lincoln during the three and a half terrible years when the fate of the Union hung in the balance.

That so huge a book should be interesting all through, except to those who are already interested in the matter it relates to, is too much to expect. Most readers will enjoy the graphic description in the first volume of Lincoln's youth, and of the strange, rough society in the midst of which he grew up; but comparatively few Englishmen will persevere through the long account of political combinations and movements which follow. It would take the most finished rhetorical art to keep the curiosity and attention of European readers alive through a narrative so minutely detailed as that which fills the eight latter volumes. If Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have not such art as Macaulay, they have the merits of freshness and vigour. They are intensely interested themselves in the story they tell. They are able to enliven the discussion of policies and negotiations by little personal incidents. Their familiarity with most of the men most prominent in the Cabinet or Congress or the army during the war, enables them to cast light upon the idiosyncrasies of these persons and their relations to the President. Much curious light is thus thrown upon Seward, Chase, Stanton, and McClellan, not to speak of less famous names. There has never, in modern times, been a war in which politics played so large a part, and not the least instructive part of the book is the way in which it brings out the connection between military movements and political considerations, and the illustrations it supplies of the points of weakness, as well

as of strength, whose existence in a democratic State the stress of war reveals. Of the Confederate statesmen and Confederate generals, much less is said; and the judgments passed on them, as on Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson, are usually harsh. An equally full and careful history, written from the Southern point of view, would, in this respect, be a valuable complement and corrective to the present work. It need hardly be said that Jefferson Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" is very far from being such a history; it is virtually a vindication of himself and of his cause from first to last.

To attempt any detailed criticism of a book of this magnitude would lead us far beyond the limits of a newspaper notice. Enough has been said to mark out the position which it has already taken as a vast repertory of information regarding one of the most interesting periods of recent history—a period the difficulty of studying which is increased, rather than diminished, by the enormous mass of materials which exist. These materials had hitherto been undigested, and contained much that was false mixed with the true. They have now been sifted with a thoroughness which leaves little to be desired; and though subsequent inquiries will no doubt set many aspects of this great conflict in other lights than those here presented, no future history is likely to supersede this, which will indeed be, in our opinion, the foundation on which afterwards will be forced to build. Having said this, we need hardly add that the work of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay is one which every public library ought to possess.

So much for the book; and now, before we close, a few words must be said on the central figure. It says much for the greatness of this figure that his presence makes itself constantly felt even in a canvas so crowded with statesmen and soldiers. Abraham Lincoln was less brilliant than many of those who surrounded him, and some of those who stood opposed to him. He was not a striking orator, nor a well-trained administrator, nor remarkable for any of those gifts by which men commonly impress their fellows, and rise to the top in popular governments. In knowledge and literary culture, he was not above the level—and it is a pretty low level—of the average Congressman. His greatness, so far as it was intellectual, lay chiefly in a certain solidity and balance of mind, a penetration of insight and breadth of view which enabled him to see things as they were, and to choose the course which offered fewest dangers. Acute and quick he was on occasion, as some of the incidents in his famous sensational debating contest with Stephen A. Douglas proved, yet his acuteness was less remarkable than the soundness and weight of his judgment. It was, however, what may be called the moral strength of his character that made these intellectual qualities so precious, and raised him to be the real leader of the nation. He had a singularly calm temper, great candour, great patience. His feelings were sensitive; but there was so little personal vanity in his sensitiveness that it did not betray him into suspicion or jealousy, but rather served to quicken his sympathy and render his tact more delicate. The want of refinement which "cultured" Eastern men or Europeans occasionally censured in him was the result of his earlier life in an unpolished society; for in the essentials which go to make what we call the "gentleman" there was no deficiency. The humorous bent of his mind, often thought unbecoming, served not only to relieve his own natural melancholy, but also to cheer the North at many a dark moment. But the quality which most shines out from these memoirs, and which helped him most to win the hearts of the people, was the kindness of his nature, and his consideration for the feelings of others. Nearly all men who have been great in the active sphere have a certain sternness of temper and ruthlessness of purpose, which enables them to brush away those who encumber their path, and trample down those who resist their

will. Lincoln had sometimes to do this, but he did it sparingly and with evident distress. One feels, in following his career, as if he was scarcely hard enough for the position in which he found himself. That he nevertheless succeeded, was due mainly to his sincerity and unselfishness, which drew men to him, and enabled him to accomplish by soft means what less pure characters would have had to do by rude force. It was very largely due to this example of gentleness and composure which their Chief Magistrate set them, during the crisis of the strife, and in the days of victory, that the Northern people showed to the defeated South a clemency without precedent in the annals of civil war, a clemency which experience has shown to have been also the soundest policy. In this, as in many other ways, Abraham Lincoln deserves that canonisation as a second *Parvulus Patrie* which his countrymen have bestowed upon him.

A LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LETTERS OF A LADY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1721-1771). Edited by Emily F. D. Osborn. With four illustrations. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh

WE have to thank Miss Osborn for a pretty and interesting book. She has done very well in not keeping hidden these letters of her grandfather's great-grandmother, but in letting outsiders read in them the life of a bygone age. Would that other ladies, who dwell where their forefathers for many generations dwelt, may rummage their old repositories, and bring to light other papers of equal, or even greater, interest; for it is by the study of letters such as these that we really come to understand the life of past ages. The march of the historian is no doubt often glorious and stately, but in his big strides the tiny footsteps of the countless men and women and children are passed over with indifference, or even scorn. A few of them we can trace in the work before us. The lady of the eighteenth century, the Hon. Mrs. Osborn, would have fared ill if measured by our present standard of competitive examinations. In any High School for Girls she would be an object of pity, if not of derision. Her spelling to the last was eccentric. She illustrates the following remark of Johnson's, recorded by Miss Burney in 1779:—"He spoke of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything." A few instances of Mrs. Osborn's spelling will show what sort of education in literature was given to a nobleman's daughter at the beginning of last century.—"Ratclif Church, Bristol, which is extream fine, shuld be," she says, "a patron for all that are built." By *patron* she clearly means *pattern*. "I sate down to Ginea Commerce," she writes, "with Dutches of Wharton, the pool seven gineas, and I very near wining of it." "Fricassee," she writes *frigacy*, and vastly, *varstly*. The chimney-sweeper is the *chindy man*. But perhaps she shocks us most when she writes:—"He told it at Stuckley's, and was so serious that we all bile at it. Sister Byng assured me it was no jist, he told us all perticlers." Lord Chesterfield surely must have been guilty of great exaggeration when, in reproaching his son, in 1750, with spelling induce *enduce*, and grandeur *grandure*, he says that "these are two faults of which few of my housemaids would have been guilty." Such spelling as Mrs. Osborn's shows that ladies were not only untrained in orthography, but, what was far worse, in correct pronunciation. In this, however, they were not behind the fine ladies of the present age, who, if they spell more correctly, are in their utterance the feeblest of Cockneys.

With all her bad spelling, Mrs. Osborn showed herself a woman of courage and strong character.

She was left a widow at twenty-four, with a burthen of debt on the inheritance of her little son, Sir Danvers Osborn. She took the management of the property into her own hands, and managed it wisely till he came of age. He was appointed Governor of New York in 1753. Miss Osborn says in her Introduction, page 12, "He arrived at New York on October 6, and died there six days later, but the cause of his untimely death I have never been able to discover." If she will turn to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's "Johnson," vol. iv., p. 181, n. 3, she will find it suggested, with much probability, that he killed himself. She herself says that "he never seems to have recovered his spirit after his wife's death." What Mrs. Osborn had done for her son she had now, at the age of sixty, to do for her little grandsons. "Too much of business," she wrote, "clouds the understanding. I have had more of it than many women of my age." As if she had not troubles enough there came upon her at this time the trial and most cruel execution of her brother, Admiral Byng. Thirty-four years earlier she had written about him:—"I heartily rejoice to hear Jacky is a Lieut." And now poor "Jacky" was put to death "*pour encourager les autres*." His last brief and touching letter to her, which he gave to the marshal a few minutes before he was shot, is given by Miss Osborn. It is not very gracious to wish for more when so much is given, but we regret that it was not reproduced by photography. "Jacky" appears early in his career in a very curious passage, which throws a good deal of light on old official ways. His uncle, Mrs. Osborn's brother, the Hon. Robert Byng, was Paymaster of the Navy. She wrote to him in 1726:—"I have been thinking if I could not have a little assistance from you. I remember once you did scrape up a little chest of candles for Jacky from the office. I say no more, for if it neither suits conscience nor convenience I do not ask it." The scraping up of the candles was nothing but pilfering of public stores. A few years later she found herself, no doubt, in even greater need of assistance, for she and other people who had farms to let had a great trouble in finding tenants as if they had been living in our days. In 1733 she writes that ten landowners whom she had met one day were after one tenant. "I put them all in an uproar by telling them that I had sent after him and seen him. They all begged if he did not succeed in you that I would let them know." Some of these distressed landowners might have envied the headmaster of Winchester School, who had "ten young noblemen's sons that live with him, for which he has £200 a year for each. These, with four other young gentlemen of the school, met us in the field a hunting, they and their attendance and ours made in all forty people, and after very good sport all came home to dine here [at Chilbolton]. Indeed, I have not seen a finer sight than these boys and their master together."

Want of space allows us merely to refer to her dining at Court in June on "pheasant with eggs and pheasant poults which is shameful," to the panic caused by the Young Pretender, "when there is not a soul to be seen but in nightgowns and tears," and to the general election of 1767, when "nabobs, contractors, silversmiths, bankrupts, are in high luck, there will hardly be 200 real gentlemen in the House. The landed interest dyed with the last Parliament." We can merely draw attention to a most interesting but far too brief report of the famous speech made by Pitt in January, 1766, against "influence."

"He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." He who would fully enjoy such a collection of letters as these must bring to them a familiarity with the life of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless the ordinary reader, when he comes to the last page will feel grateful that one hundred and fifty years ago a son disregarded his mother's command, and did not burn her letters "immediately."

THE ORIGIN OF STARS.

THE METEORITIC HYPOTHESIS. A Statement of the Results of a Spectroscopic Inquiry into the Origin of Cosmical Systems. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890

IN this handsome volume of 560 pages we have a notable endeavour to broaden the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace until it embraces all that is known of the dynamics and chemistry of meteorites, together with all that the spectroscope has taught us about the heavenly bodies during the last thirty years. Beginning with references to a few of the earlier accounts of the descent of "stones from heaven," whence, according to the views of the ancients, they had been cast by the immortal gods, as messengers to man, the author describes, more or less fully, a few of the more remarkable meteoric falls that have occurred in the Middle Ages or in our own times.

Splendid materials Mr. Lockyer has had to work upon—some of a purely literary character, such as the late Dr. Flight's admirable "Chapter on the History of Meteorites," Prof. Maskelyne's "Lecture Notes," and Schiaparelli's essays on the connection of comets and meteorites. Other and more corporeal materials, in the shape of fragments of undoubted meteorites, were furnished by the trustees of the British Museum. These fragments were submitted to a searching spectroscopic examination, under the action of heat and electricity, partly on lines already devised by Prof. Wright of Yale College. In common with this investigator, Mr. Lockyer was able to evoke from these fragments the hydrogen lines so characteristic of nebulae, together with hydro-carbon bands such as are shown by comets. The next step put the author on new ground, in that he apparently invariably found it possible to detect an elementary form of the spectrum of magnesium reduced practically to a single line, that line being coincident with the chief line in the spectra of nebulae, which has hitherto been so great an enigma to spectroscopists. This "fact" may be called the keystone of the new hypothesis, and ought forthwith to be tested by other investigators, in the laboratory on meteorites, and in the observatory on nebulae. As a pioneer, the author naturally used apparatus of comparatively restricted power, so as to obtain a rough general survey of these new fields of research, but all attempts to confirm or disprove his conclusions should be made with the most complete and powerful appliances that can be devised. To say the least, it is very remarkable that magnesium, which in one form or other is an invariable constituent of meteorites, should yield light identical, or almost absolutely identical, with the greater part of the rays emitted by the so-called gaseous nebulae. When we also find these same meteorites with a slightly different treatment yielding spectra identical with those of comets' tails, and that under yet other conditions they more or less completely imitate the light afforded by various classes of stars, the sun included, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in meteorites we have before us the very materials of which nebulae, comets, and stars, are composed. With regard to nebulae this was already suggested by Professor Tait, as long ago as 1871. Mr. Lockyer is, however, the first to attempt to explain all visible cosmical phenomena by the agency of meteorites.

Starting from the laboratory experiments, it is most satisfactorily shown that luminous meteors and falling stars are of the same origin as the meteorites that occasionally succeed in running the gauntlet of our atmosphere. More difficulty is found with the aurora, which although possibly in some measure qualified by the presence of meteoritic particles, or their exhalations, in the upper regions of the air, is strongly controlled by the earth, as is proved by the parallelism of its rays to the direction of a freely suspended magnet. That large quantities of fine meteoritic dust reach the surface of our planet seems to be proved by the particles collected

by Nordenskjöld on the Arctic snows, as well as by some of the materials dredged up from the profoundest ocean depths by the *Challenger* Expedition.

Extending his researches next to the solar system, the author accepts all that has been done by Kirkwood, Schiaparelli, and others, to show on dynamical grounds that comets are nothing but meteor swarms which revolve about the sun, some as casual visitors, others as more permanent members of the solar system. These last, however, have not always moved in their present paths, but have been gathered in from outer space at one time or other by the disturbing action of the greater planets. These lines of reasoning are supported by a lucid summary of the spectroscopy of comets. The spectra of comets, it is almost needless to say, present an almost monotonous uniformity, so long as the comet is far from the sun, but rapidly increase in beauty, brightness, and complexity whenever a comet is subjected to the ordeal of a close perihelion passage. All the wonderful phenomena observed on these rare occasions find a ready interpretation when regarded from the standpoint of the meteoritic hypothesis. The faint luminous beam known as the zodiacal light sends to us rays that have been polarised by reflection, whence we may safely conclude that it is due to a ring of scattered particles surrounding the sun. These particles may more readily be assumed to be fragments of meteorites than anything else, seeing that it is extremely doubtful whether they have ever afforded any other spectrum than that of greatly enfeebled sunlight, and we are thus without any clue as to their real nature.

Leaving the solar system, we are next introduced to the new hypothesis as applied to the nebulae. The mechanical part of the theory will strongly recommend itself to most readers for the simple way in which it permits various classes of planetary nebulae to be regarded as the "collision-shells" of a large number of elliptical orbits of meteorites distributed about a common centre. But as each meteorite must have some sort of an atmosphere of its own, it does not seem impossible that a considerable amount of light might be developed without any collision of the solid parts of the meteorites themselves. An instance of such a collision-surface is undoubtedly afforded by the earth's atmosphere during a meteoric shower, although the collisions do not take place between meteorites and meteorites. The spectroscopic evidence of the meteoritic nature of nebulae has been already referred to.

From the nebulae the author passes to the consideration of the stars themselves, beginning with those of which the spectra consist mainly of bright lines, thus proving their near relation to nebulae. These remarkable bodies form the first of seven groups into which Mr. Lockyer divides the starry contents of the heavens. All the light and heat are due to collisions or condensation. Variable stars are held to consist of two or more swarms of meteorites in various stages of condensation, revolving in suitable periods about their common centre of gravity, their more or less direct collisions regulating the quantity of light.

The chief novelty of this new classification consists in regarding the temperature as increasing in the first half of the series until it reaches a maximum in Group IV., represented by stars like Sirius and Alpha Lyrae, which have the violet ends of their spectra strongly developed, while they are interrupted by broad and black lines due to the absorption of vast atmospheres of hydrogen. The descending side of the scale is marked chiefly by carbon absorption productive of deeper and deeper tints of red, ending eventually in the extinction of all luminosity. These speculations are of a more hopeful character than most of those hitherto set forth by cosmogonists, in so far that the great majority of the celestial bodies are regarded as in

process of formation. Our own sun seems, however, already to have advanced as far as the fifth group, and has, therefore, fully entered on the cooling stage.

For the earnest student the book will be invaluable, if only for the numerous quotations from volumes difficult of access, as well as the frequent references to the sources whence the historical materials are drawn; and if many of the conclusions seem doubtful or premature, the means by which they can be tested are often clearly indicated. The author himself evidently foresaw the possibility of such doubts when writing the following lines of the preface, with which we conclude our imperfect notice of this deeply interesting volume:—

"It is not in the nature of things that a large mass of detailed work and inquiry, which has taken my assistants and myself three years to get together, shall be found free from error, especially since observations made by many men in many lands—frequently under conditions of great difficulty—form part of the basis of the discussion. Nor, again, is it likely, or even desirable, that the general hypothesis, if it be found of any value at all, shall not be improved when fresh minds are brought to bear upon it."

The volume is abundantly illustrated from beginning to end.

A BOOK OF BOULEVARD VERSES.

SONNAILLES ET CLOCHETTES. Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie.

A BOOK of poems has just been published which calls up delightful memories of Paris where it is most Parisian. Under the captivating title, "Sonnailles et Clochettes"—which adds the pretty and suggestive word *sonnaile* to the French language—M. de Banville has strung together, in chronological order, sixty-two little poems, written *au jour le jour*, on slight occasion or none, for the fortunate readers of *Gil Blas*. A lyric poet of real genius, a writer of exquisite lyrical prose, M. de Banville has a reputation in France something like that of Mr. Swinburne in England for unparalleled mastery over words and metres, though, in the case of the Frenchman, it is true, that mastery is often carried to the lengths of a very Ingoldsby. Alfred de Musset was the first to break the monotony of French verse by indulging in dexterous familiarities of rhyme, which were certainly well in keeping with his sometimes flat and hackneyed conventionalities of expression. M. de Banville, who at his best is more spontaneously lyrical than Musset, has perhaps at times allowed his dexterity to intrude where such qualities as mere cleverness are out of place—a charge to which Browning, among English poets, is similarly open. But in these rhymes of the Boulevards, written to amuse Achille and Ninon over their ices at Tortoni's, Paul and Lise over their *bock* at the Café Vachette, there is a free field for every sort of ingenuity, and M. de Banville has put every sort of ingenuity into them. The first poem in the book, addressed to Catulle Mendès, is a triumph of unexpected rhyming, consisting entirely of *rimes riches*, such as "Philistins" and "Philis teints," "riz mates" and "rimates." A saucy little poem called "Variante" begins with a yet more ingenious combination of rhymes:—

"Lila, personne orientale,
Qu'on n'égale qu'aux Dieux et qu'aux
Rois, dit: Je suis l'Horizontale
Dont on parle dans les Échos."

Three songs with refrains venture on quatrains in which two masculine rhymes are followed by two feminine rhymes. One splendid little piece, "Thalie," is a sort of parody, in form as in substance, of Gautier's profession of faith, the epilogue to the "Émaux et Camées." Banville addresses the Muse of Comedy with a comically reticent adoration, and her reply is extremely straightforward and encouraging. It sounds less moral than it really is, so it must not be quoted.

The public or private events which set these little bells tinkling are as varied as the strike of navvies

in August, 1888, the founding of the *Écho de Paris* in October, 1888, the opening of the Exhibition in May, 1889, the hot summer that year, or a belated lament for the loss of that *tignasse d'Absalon* which the poet, now "bald as *Æschylus*," assures us he once possessed. The allusions to matters of the moment, to people not generally known out of Paris, to popular types and popular sayings, to passages in plays and operas, the puns and slang, make some of these poems rather difficult reading in London. There are constant quotations from or references to La Fontaine, Molière, Rabelais; the "Messieurs venus de l'Autriche" of *La Dame Blanche* appear again and again; "le chat de Salis" might not immediately be recognised as the "Chat-Noir"; one fears that even Jocrisse and Javotte are not so well known over here as they should be. To Parisians one of the great charms of these impromptus consists in their witty and *à propos* references to current topics. How neat this is, for instance:—

"À bas la sagesse vieillotte,
Puisque heureusement la chair est
Faible, quand le bal papillote
Com me une affiche de Chéret!"

One might wish that those famous posters, so marvellously inventive in design and colour, so extraordinarily living, and always so gay and joyous, were well enough known to be at least imitated on our dismal London walls, where only a slight attempt is now and then made to brighten things, as, very recently, by the Roumanian who did the rather cheerful advertisement of the French Exhibition. The Théâtre-Libre of Antoine—to which an allusion occurs on another page—is well enough known by name, but when are we to have the thing itself in our midst, as we certainly should? Among many playful poems, some are quite serious and quite exquisite, as, for instance, the little song in honour of Victor Hugo's "Toute la Lyre"; others are ironically exact studies of literary affectations—as in "Pessimisme" and the poem about "le Cochon moderniste"—or of the men and women whose tedious nights at the *cabarets* end with the sunrise. Very fine is the study of this sort called "Noce":—

"La nuit meurt. C'est bientôt l'heure
Frisonnante du matin,
Où dans les bois le vent pleure
Doux et parfumé de thym.

"Des soupeurs, faisant la guerre
À leur vieil ennui bavard,
S'écabattent dans un vulgaire
Cabaret du boulevard."

The picture is painted with an admirable impressionism, and, indeed, may be compared with some paintings of that modern French school which has discovered the picturesque side of vulgarity. Still eminently Parisian, but with an effect as of Offenbach after an effect as of Degas, is the poem with which one closes the volume, the poem of "Flirt," in which the processional of flirtation culminates—

"Où l'Infini vertigineux
Flirte avec les Étoiles."

JOTTINGS—VARIOUS.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ: THE FAMILIAR LETTERS OF JAMES HOWELL.
Edited by W. H. Bennett. Two vols. London: David Stott.

A JOURNALIST'S JOTTINGS. By W. Beatty-Kingston. Two vols.
London: Chapman & Hall.

THIRTY YEARS OF MY LIFE ON THREE CONTINENTS. By Edwin
de Leon. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey.

THERE is a little water-creature revealed by that great thaumaturge, the microscopist, which has two coats, and can endure, without inconvenience, a dry heat up to 212° Fahr. He may lie for years desiccated in some out-of-the-way corner, but as soon as a drop of rain touches him he becomes all alive, and goes grubbing about among the water-plants in a most independent manner. If the sun should suck him up into a cloud he doesn't care, but wraps

himself tightly in his two coats, and, content and self-contained, floats between heaven and earth awaiting the next episode. This enviable and almost invisible little fellow is the counterpart in the inferior creation of that species of men who, if they have James Howell's incapacity to lay a large grasp on the world, are blessed like him with the good-humour, self-satisfaction, and adaptability of a true cosmopolite. Though such a man may have "many aspiring and airy odd thoughts," and be, "on occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a madman, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow," having "the humours within him that belong to all three," since common-sense is the chief quality of his mind, he can endure his flights of fancy even to 212° Fahr.; and whether he be lifted up above the earth in a glowing cloud of royal favour, or laid aside waiting for the drop of rain from on high that shall swell him out once more to his portly proportions, he is always patient, self-reliant—knows himself, and knows the world.

People complain nowadays that they have no time for literature, there are so many newspapers to read, every right-thinking person being expected to know daily the current news of the world, not later in the evening than the issue of the "extra special." It is supposed that this is quite a modern excuse for the decay of the reading of literature; and sighs are deeply breathed for the time when "Clarissa Harlowe" was deemed too short, when "Evelina" was voted brilliant, or when nobody found the Waverley Novels tiresome. And yet, since we began to have a prose literature, this complaint has always existed, and the melancholy Butler, as far back as 1614, puts it with concision from the other point of view. He says of the majority, "if they read a book at any time, 'tis an English Chronicle, 'St. Huon of Bordeaux,' 'Amadis de Gaul,' etc., a play-book, or some pamphlet of news." After all, then, it appears that the major part of the reading public has been perennially interested in current events, and the man who says he can't find time to read literature because it is a social duty to be acquainted with news, makes a virtue of mere curiosity, like any Greek frequenter of the Areopagus or Jacobean subscriber to the "Staple of News." But here is a book that should be welcome to the most avid devourer of late editions. It comes to him in the charming form which Mr. Stott has given his Library; it is recommended by Thackeray, has a good introduction by Mr. W. H. Bennett, and, above all, it is a specimen of the special correspondence of 250 years ago. Information, however old, presented as news, is never stale. "The Familiar Letters of James Howell" are as fresh to-day as a leader of Mr. Beatty-Kingston's or a chapter from Mr. De Leon's "Recollections."

We live in changing times, and the functions of foreign embassies are now in a large measure performed by the press. The newspaper correspondent is the ambassador of democracy; courts and kings, workshops and artisans, he visits them all, and reports to his sovereign, the people, in the dailies. Mr. Beatty-Kingston is one of the ablest and best-known of these unofficial envoys. During a journalistic career of a quarter of a century, he has visited many nations, met many men, and seen many things. He has already given us several collections of what he calls "journalistic flotsam and jetsam," all of it worthy of salvage. The first of these two new volumes, while showing evidence on every page of the author's strong and admirably trained powers of observation, is derived more particularly from the study of the world of books; in the second the world of men is the special subject. Mr. Beatty-Kingston claims attention for his "Journalistic Jottings" on account of their accuracy as records of fact and their veracity as expressions of opinion: we can further recommend them as always entertaining, instructive, and pleasant to read.

On the whole, we are glad that Mrs. De Leon, as the author tells us in his dedication, persuaded her husband to write his Thirty Years' Recollections.

At the start a limitation of view, hardly to be expected from a man who has seen so much of the world as Mr. De Leon, grates on the reader somewhat. A certain Dr. Cooper was a materialist, and more than Voltairean in his creed; "but," says Mr. De Leon, "a purer or higher life no man ever led than he; a strange contradiction which I have also seen subsequently in other professed infidels." Surely it is now well enough known that creed has often little to do with conduct; indeed, it has been roundly asserted that mere creed never yet influenced conduct except for the worse. In the second chapter, defending slavery as it existed in the Southern States, Mr. De Leon says, "Strange as it may sound to foreign ears, the sympathies of the slave were on the Southern side; and the whole history of the war, and the attitude of the negroes throughout, corroborate this startling statement." Why startling? If the white man, with his superior education and absolute ownership of the negro, had not succeeded in inspiring him with an unflinching belief in the old order—that would have been startling: the fact that the negro adhered to his master's view is proof that emancipation did not come a day too soon. Again, Mr. De Leon says, "During the war helpless families of women and children were entrusted to the care of the negroes, while the men and youths were far distant for months together with the army; and I never heard of a single instance in which that trust was abused. This proves not alone the fidelity of the negro, but his affection for his master's family;" and, above all things, we add, his right to emancipation. Just as we are about to forget and forgive the author's attitude towards slavery in the interest excited by his adventures in Nauvoo, the original holy city of the Mormons, we are repelled by a monstrous comparison which he institutes, all in good faith, between the prophet of the Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith, and Oliver Cromwell. Many people, to their misfortune, know what it is to be led by the nose, but to be led by another man's nose was the fate of Mr. De Leon. Joseph Smith had a large, broad nose, and so had Oliver Cromwell; hence—the Pyramids, or anything you like. But this is our last adverse remark. During his Consulship in Egypt and his diplomatic visits to Palestine, England, and France, his enterprise, tact, and daring carried him through many difficulties with distinction as well as success. His accounts of some stirring events in the East, in which he was the principal actor, of blockade-running, and of his more peaceful doings in Europe, are written in a light, agreeable style; but the most interesting portion of these recollections tells of the men Mr. De Leon met—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Burton, Lord Palmerston, the Duc de Morny, Napoleon III., Laurence Oliphant, and Thackeray.

ADVENTURE STORIES.

1. KIBBOO GANEY: OR, THE LOST CHIEF OF THE COPPER MOUNTAIN. By Walter Wentworth. London, Edinburgh and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1890.
2. A BAFLED VENGEANCE: A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES. By J. Evelyn. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.
3. AGAINST HEAVY ODDS: A TALE OF NORSE HEROISM. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

THE younger inhabitants of the temperate zone are not unnaturally inclined to look elsewhere for the climate of their favourite stories. Between the Polar Seas and the tropical forests the land is for them barren of interest; unless, perhaps, that interest is borrowed from a past epoch when men tilted in tournaments and swore curiously. The boy who loves romance better than sport—and there are some such boys—frequently grows up with a more accurate knowledge of the habits of the boa constrictor than of those of the fox-terrier. A real England is less to him than an imaginary Africa. But more often boys are inclined to make the best

of a country which has fallen into a state of civilisation, and, while lamenting the scarcity of tigers, to find consolation in the destruction of rats. The school of Mr. Rider Haggard offers, perhaps, no especial attractions to adults who have tasted of the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy; but if a boy asserts that he does not like stories of adventure, there is every reason to fear that he is a fore-ordained prig.

The first point which strikes the reader of "Kibboo Ganey" is the irritating character of the author's chatty and confidential style. "Still, between ourselves," he says on one page, "I don't mind whispering that highly developed as Jack's intellect is, it has not yet reached this high point; and I suspect that the book in question is the one that Ted was reading yesterday." Speaking of his first chapter in the course of it, he is ill-advised enough to explain: "It is intended to make you, reader, feel as if you really knew these friends of mine." Probably the simplest and surest method of preventing a story from conveying any impression of reality is to commence by an appeal to the reader to pretend that the characters and incidents are real. The rest of the book contains the usual materials of the usual story of adventure. There are sand-storms and serpents, capture and escape, the faithful negro, the floating island, and the happy conclusion. But the story would have been more exciting if the identity of "Nap," the faithful negro, had not been revealed by obvious hints at an early stage of its progress. The negro is not merely a Christian, a lost chief, and a colonel's devoted servant; he also practises hypnotism. Put a scientific article into a monthly review, and sooner or later slight traces of it will percolate through into the literature of the nursery. In the first number of THE SPEAKER we found in a book for boys some use made of its author's ignorance of hypnotism; and apparently it is still considered advisable to interest young people in the subject.

"A Baffled Vengeance" is a story of the early part of the present century, before slaves were emancipated. The scene lies in a small West Indian island. This island was divided into three estates, just as all Gaul was divided into three parts, and of the three cotton-planters who owned them one was very bad, a kind of Legree, and one was very good. The third, with a fine perception of the charm of variety, was indifferent. The son of James Austerley, the good planter, assisted some of the slaves of Duncan Ross, the bad planter, to escape. Duncan Ross replied by "lifting" some cattle belonging to Austerley. Then the good planter tried remonstrance, the bad planter resorted to personal violence, and a good deal of very pretty fighting followed. The author lacks the power and vigour which are required to present the incidents which he describes, but the story is not altogether uninteresting. One of the characters reads a first edition of "Marmion," which has just appeared; and this will enable anyone who is curious on the point to fix the time of the story more precisely. It is a sensational tale of no very remarkable merit, but it is short; on the other hand, it is illustrated.

"Against Heavy Odds" seems to us to be a capital story for boys. Ingomar, the hero, is the son of a man who has been brought to poverty by a peculiarly mean villain. When Ingomar seems likely to restore the fortunes of his house by a clever invention, the villain does his best to thwart him and secure the profits of the invention for himself. The contest ends in a race to the Patent Office. The invention, which we gather from a footnote has been already made, was intended to prevent whales which had been harpooned from sinking. The interest of the story is continuous, and some use is made of new material. The characters are not more conventional than young readers like them to be. On the whole it is a healthy and interesting little book, with no more love-making in it than is absolutely necessary to make the conclusion usual and satisfactory.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

ANCIENT records which still remain in manuscript, as well as two or three hundred half-forgotten books, have been consulted by Mr. Andrews in the preparation of his amusing volume on "Old-Time Punishments." He has gleaned his information laboriously in various cities and towns in the United Kingdom, and he gives us the result of his researches in thirteen lively and well-written chapters. In the Middle Ages the corporations of towns made their own regulations for punishing people guilty of offences which the laws of the land overlooked. The ducking-stool, the brank or scold's bridle, the pillory, and the stocks were in constant requisition, but such punishments differed greatly in various parts of the country. In some places, brewers of bad beer, and bakers of bad bread, as well as scolding women, were placed in the ducking-stool. It was no uncommon circumstance for offenders to be killed in the pillory, by the cowardly pelting which they received at the hands of the crowd. Lord Thurlow was a great believer in this mode of punishment, and described it as a "restraint against licentiousness provided by the wisdom of past ages." Pitt and Burke were opposed to its too frequent use, but as late as 1812 Lord Ellenborough "sentenced a blasphemer to the pillory for two hours once a month" for a term of eighteen months. Perjury was the last crime in England which was punished by the pillory, and for this offence the old torture lingered until 1830. It was not, however, abolished by Act of Parliament until the year of the Queen's accession. Sometimes it happened that authors and publishers were nailed by the ears to the pillory, and when their cruel penance was over their ears were frequently cut off, and left on the posts as a warning to other offenders. Defoe, Mr. Andrews reminds us, fared well in the pillory. He was a popular hero, and the crowd threw flowers at his feet instead of pelting him with rotten eggs. The closing pages of the book are filled with what Mr. Andrews terms gibbet-law, and he gives chapter and verse for his somewhat gruesome statements concerning the barbarous manner in which capital punishment was inflicted in those "good old times" which no reader of this book is at all likely to lament. There are a number of realistic woodcuts in the volume.

In the spring of 1889, Miss Violet Hodgkin formed one of a party of "Pilgrims in Palestine," and in a dainty and prettily illustrated little book of some two hundred and fifty pages she gives a modest but vivid description of her wandering in the Holy Land. With commendable good sense, she had read up during the "long dark nights of the rather dreary winter of 1888," Murray, Baedeker, and other authorities, including the "endless documents," for which the Palestine Exploration Society are responsible. She had met people who had returned from the East quite disillusionised, and others who spoke of their experiences in Palestine in the most glowing terms. The charm of the book consists in its naturalness and freshness, and in the manner in which the first impressions produced on the mind of a young and cultivated traveller by the sights and scenes of Palestine are reproduced. The usual quotations from Dr. Thomson, Dean Stanley, and Archdeacon Farrar are happily conspicuous by their absence, and no attempt is made to mix such learnings as the guide-books afford with the quick observation and pleasant description of the young "pilgrim" herself. The book only deals with the surface of the subject, but it does so gracefully, and helps the reader to understand wherein the "Palestine of reality" differs from the Palestine of dreams.

Professor Sonnenschein, of the Mason College, Birmingham, has just published, under the title of "Ideals of Culture," two recent addresses to students. In the first of these admirable papers, he likens the mind to a house with many windows, and states that for a vital comprehension of truth it is better to look through one window thoroughly cleaned, than through a number which may give us different points of view, but which are obscured by error and prejudice. "To the young student especially, I would say—'Clean one of your windows; be not content until there is one branch of your subject—if it be only one branch—which you understand as thoroughly as you are capable of understanding it, until your sense of truth is satisfied and you have intellectual conviction. Be assured that in learning this one thing, you will have added an eye to your

mind, an instrument to your thought, and potentially have learnt many things." No single science, asserts Professor Sonnenschein, can exhaust even the smallest concrete thing. A piece of chalk, for example, represents to physicists a certain group of forces; to the chemist, certain elements combined in certain proportions; to the geologist, a certain stage in the history of the earth's crust. Each science, in fact, consciously limits its view in order that it may give a more complete account of one phase of things—in short, it directs its energies into one channel in order to give force to the stream. In an interesting address on "Ancient Greek Games," stress is laid on the fact that it was characteristic of Greek education that it regarded physical development of equal importance with mental culture. It was the function of science and art to produce what Plato finely termed a "musical soul," and it was the province of gymnastics in their widest and most worthy application to produce a graceful body.

That handy manual of reference, "The Educational Annual," is gradually growing plethoric, a fate which soon or late overtakes all books which cram themselves with statistics. Mr. Johnson has not merely enlarged the scope of the volume, but has carefully revised its wide array of facts and figures, and has endeavoured to render his information about our public schools and colleges thoroughly authoritative, by an appeal in every instance to headquarters. We are glad to find that this list of our schools and schoolmasters is not accompanied by such advertising baits as "select neighbourhood," "gravel soil," "magnificent views," "lowest death rate," and similar expressions. The editor of this manual is a judicious man, and evidently has no wish to offend the susceptibilities of his scholastic correspondents, and therefore he blandly assures them in the preface that "owing to the exigencies of space" he is unable to insert this kind of information. The book gives a clear, concise, and comprehensive summary of the progress of education in the country, and of the seats of learning, big and little, which are scattered up and down the kingdom. By way of frontispiece to the volume there is an illustration of the Forster Statue on the Thames Embankment which was unveiled last August.

"Do you care for the violin, and are you a young beginner?" asks Mr. Raikes in the opening sentence of his dainty volume. "If so," he continues, "come with me through this little book; you may pick up something worth remembering." We venture to think that the "young beginner" might do worse than accept the invitation, for though "Violin Chat" falls short of a hundred pages, it is packed with curious facts and sensible directions. Antonio Stradivari, as all the world knows, made fiddles with leisurely, loving skill, which for shape, finish, and tone, have never been equalled. It seems that even an ill-used and repaired fiddle by this great maker—we had almost written master—cannot be purchased for less than £400, whilst it is impossible to obtain a genuine Strad. of the finest quality except in exchange for the respectable sum of at least £1,500. Pleasant gossip of the famous old makers and of the cities in which they plied their trade fill one-half of Mr. Raikes's pages. As for the rest, they are concerned with the formidable difficulties which confront the beginner when once he has set himself resolutely to the mastery of the noble instrument. The little book is very brightly written, and with knowledge as well as enthusiasm.

"Gleanings from a Ministry of Fifty Years" indicates almost sufficiently the nature of the Rector of Petworth's volume. Mr. Holland is wishful to place on permanent record some memorial of his pulpit work, and these fifty sermons are meant to show the characteristics of his ministry. They are brief, practical, and pointed. Calm in statement, clear in exposition, and earnest in appeal, they deal suggestively with Christian believing and living from many points of view.

"Children: a Book for Mothers" is so full of bright, sensible, and wholesome hints and advice, that we think the little volume deserves the praise which Miss Sarah Tytler, in a brief preface, bestows upon it. In a direct and explicit way, and, happily, without the least waste of words, a great deal of practical information concerning health, food, and the home culture of children, is conveyed. The book, in fact, is much more satisfactory than many larger and more ambitious treatises on the same subject.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE election at Hartlepool on Wednesday resulted in what may fairly be regarded as the greatest victory won by the Liberal party since the General Election of 1886. We say this having regard not only to the present political situation, but to the local conditions at Hartlepool. The Unionists had as their representative there the largest employer of labour in the place, and incomparably the most influential citizen. So strong a candidate was he, that at the outset of the contest his defeat was regarded on all sides as impossible. He was likened in these pages to the "ace of trumps," and both Liberals and Tories looked upon his victory as certain. But the strong and militant Liberalism of the North of England did not put forth its strength in vain in this contest; and at the close of the poll it was found that MR. FURNESS, the Liberal candidate, had been returned by a majority of 298 over his opponent. The result is as hopeful for Liberalism as it must be discouraging to the advocates of Coercion. Their exultation over the misfortunes of the Irish Party has found vent in numberless prophecies of the death of Home Rule, and the renewed triumph of the Tories at a General Election. No more crushing blow could possibly have fallen upon these fantastic ideas than that which has been delivered against them by the electors of Hartlepool.

IN the beginning of the week MR. PARNELL and SIR HENRY JAMES were the principal speakers. MR. PARNELL'S speeches at Tralee and Athlone on Sunday and Monday last were conspicuous by the resolute determination they showed on the part of the speaker to incense his followers against the English Liberals. He poured ridicule upon MR. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill, pretending that he had been staggering along under the load of a measure whittled down until it had become worthless. He falsely represented English Radicals as having called upon him to denounce MR. BALFOUR'S schemes for light railroads and other relief works in Ireland; and in general he expressed his conviction that the Liberal party had no intention of giving Irishmen a system of Home Rule which would be acceptable to them. All this was accompanied by that violent abuse of those members of the Irish party who have deposed him, in which he has indulged so freely of late. Perhaps, however, the most conspicuous instance of the effrontery which characterises his present line of action was his issuing a circular to the Irish Parliamentary party summoning them to their duties at Westminster on the opening of the adjourned session. This he followed up on Thursday by giving notice of his intention to move a resolution on the administration of the Crimes Act, and by asking for a day for the discussion. Ministers will consequently have to decide whether they do or do not mean to take up the cause of the dismissed Irish leader.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at Cambridge on Wednesday was a very unfortunate performance. It was clear that the Prime Minister had not the slightest foreboding as to the result of the Hartlepool

election, and accordingly he indulged in a strain of exultation which was made more than slightly ridiculous in presence of the news from Hartlepool next morning. The early portion of the speech was couched in singularly bad taste. The Prime Minister contrived to compare recent events in the Irish Party with the harlequinade of a pantomime, intimated that he preferred MR. PARNELL'S word to MR. GLADSTONE'S (a characteristic instance of his own regard for the truth), and complimented the ex-Irish leader as warmly as he dared to do. The one really noticeable feature of his speech was his attempt to show that the priests are seizing the power which has slipped from the hands of the member for Cork, and that consequently it becomes more than ever impossible for English Protestants to abandon their brethren in Ulster to the tender mercies of the Catholics. The fires of Smithfield, it is clear, are still ablaze in the heated imagination of the present Prime Minister.

MR. GOSCHEN spoke at Maidstone on Tuesday. He told his hearers at the outset of his remarks that the Irish Question was a small matter in comparison with the work which the Legislature had to do for the English people. But no sooner had he said this, and held out some hope that we were at last to have a programme of legislative work from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, than he turned his back upon England and plunged into the very innermost recesses of the Irish Question. The poorest part of a poor speech was the pretext that the conduct of the "rioters" of Kilkenny proved that they are unfit to govern themselves. MR. GOSCHEN has had some experience in electioneering, and he must know perfectly well that there is hardly a constituency in Great Britain which might not be disfranchised if the incidents of the Kilkenny election would justify disfranchisement. His arguments were undoubtedly stronger when he dwelt upon the conduct of MR. PARNELL as evidence against the wisdom of granting Home Rule. But here MR. GOSCHEN makes the mistake of confounding a nation with an individual. The "union of hearts" upon which he poured his ridicule has been subjected to a severe test, and so far it has withstood that test well.

As to the demand for "finality," which is now put forth by MR. GOSCHEN and his friends as a condition of the acceptance of any Home Rule scheme, we can only say that is not a condition which can attach to anything human. It is right and necessary that before a Minister brings forward a measure like that of 1886, he should take means to ascertain whether it is acceptable to the people whom it is intended to serve; but that either he or they should give anything in the shape of a pledge never to allow that measure to be altered in any particular, would be simply absurd. So long as the Imperial Parliament retains its power to revoke any Act it has ever carried, a pledge of this kind is absolutely unnecessary. That MR. PARNELL by his recent utterances has done his best to damage Home Rule, and above all, the proposed settlement of 1886, is perfectly true. But that the Irish Home Rulers as a whole are shown to be hypocrites whose pretended moderation is a miserable sham, is not the case, and we defy the Chancellor of the Exchequer to prove what he asserted on this point.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, who has just died at Washington in his ninety-first year, may well be deemed the senior member of the whole confraternity of literary men over the English-speaking world. Born in 1800, a student at Harvard University in 1817, and at Göttingen in 1820; a tutor in Greek at Harvard in 1822, subsequently Secretary of War in the Administration of JAMES K. PALK (1845), Minister to Great Britain (1846), and to Prussia (1867), he had opportunities such as few men in our generation have enjoyed of learning to know the world, and of taking part in important affairs in many countries. The chief work of his life was his "History of the Formation of the United States," of which the first volume was published in 1834, and the last, bringing the story down to 1783, in 1874, though he subsequently added two supplementary volumes, published in 1882, and went on working till near the end of his life. As late as 1883, he might be seen riding along the avenues of Washington, nor had his mental powers shown any marked signs of decay till about two years before his death. His history contains, however, the results of so much investigation, that it will always hold its place as a work to be consulted; but in point of style it does not take a very high rank, being somewhat too pompous and rhetorical for our present taste. In his later years, MR. BANCROFT was a most agreeable companion, full of knowledge, and retaining to the last an eager curiosity in all that went on in the European no less than in the American world. Few indeed of his contemporaries could look back over a life so full of varied interests and unceasing activity.

In spite of the adverse criticism of MR. HUXLEY and the Charity Organisation Society, GENERAL BOOTH's scheme seems to have been so far successful that he has all but secured the amount of pecuniary support for which he originally appealed, and a thanksgiving meeting has already been summoned to be held in Exeter Hall at the end of the month. It is refreshing to find that the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER is not among those who have felt themselves constrained by the voice of duty to do what they can to stem the outflow of English charity evoked by GENERAL BOOTH's appeal. However imperfect the General's scheme may be, it seems to the Bishop that it is far better for those who are anxious to solve the greatest of our social problems to aid him than to discourage him in an attempt which is at least honest and unselfish. It is difficult to understand how anyone really desirous of helping the English poor should hold any other opinion.

THE death of the DUKE OF BEDFORD has naturally attracted some attention to the condition of our London markets. The enormous wealth of the duke was chiefly derived from his London property, and to a not inconsiderable extent from his great monopoly at Covent Garden. It is hardly surprising—remembering how much the duke and his predecessors have taken from London, and how little they have done for it—that attention should be drawn to the fact that the revenue will benefit to a comparatively small extent by his decease. In the case of his predecessor the death duties formed a very substantial windfall for the Treasury, but the duke being succeeded by his son, and so large a portion of his property being real estate, the tax upon the succession will in the present case be comparatively small. A more striking instance of the need for a revision of the Death Duties could hardly be desired.

THE revelation of the fact that the DUKE OF BEDFORD died by his own hand came as a shock to the public on Wednesday. No hint that this was the case had been allowed to leak out at the time of the duke's death; and yet it appears that a formal

inquest had been held upon his remains, and a verdict returned by a jury before his body was cremated. We have no reason to doubt that the duke put an end to his life whilst suffering from an attack of insanity, and we can only sympathise with the great English family which has to mourn such an event in its history. But it is impossible not to feel strongly that the course taken by those who were responsible for hushing up the legal inquiry into the duke's death was a most improper one. What right had the coroner to practise a secrecy in the case of the suicide of a duke which he would never have permitted in the case of a costermonger? The matter is eminently one for Parliamentary inquiry, and we trust that some more satisfactory explanation will be given than any that is yet forthcoming.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent. Some change was generally expected, as the value of money has continued to decline during the week. The Bank of Holland on Monday reduced its rate of discount from 4½ per cent. to 4 per cent.; and in the Open Market in Berlin there has been a further decline. From New York also it is reported that loanable capital has become so abundant that the banks find it difficult to lend on any terms. Here at home the discount rate in the Open Market on Wednesday fell to 1½ per cent., and short loans were made at from 1 to 1½ per cent. Nevertheless, during the week ended Wednesday night, nearly three-quarters of a million in gold was withdrawn from the Bank for Holland, Germany, and South America; and though it is hoped that the Dutch demand is nearly satisfied, that for Germany still continues. The price of silver, after advancing to 48½d. per ounce early in the week, fell on Wednesday to 48d. Apparently, opinion is growing so strong in America against the Free Coinage Bill, that the feeling is increasing that it will not be passed. A charge has been made against SENATOR CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, who voted for the Bill, that he is a member of a syndicate which has been speculating largely in the metal, and it is thought that this will stir up a very strong popular resistance to the measure. The price therefore has been steadily declining in New York; and as there is little demand for India, and none for the Continent, quotations in London have also given way. The market for silver securities is likewise easier.

ON Monday there was a renewal of disquieting rumours. It was said that the difficulties of railway contractors in South America would involve some great houses in London, and names were bandied about more freely than they have been since the BARING collapse. At the same time there was a very heavy fall in Brazilian securities. The Brazilian Government is pursuing a very unwise financial policy, speculation is rampant, there is a very large deficit in the budget, and altogether it looks as if Brazil would soon be in a crisis like that through which the Argentine Republic is passing. The revolt in Chili, too, is spreading, while the news from the Argentine Republic and from Uruguay is as bad as it well can be. In the United States, again, speculation has been checked by the doubts respecting silver, and by another bank failure. In Berlin speculators are in difficulties, and the success of the French loan has not been followed by the expected rise in prices. Then, again, the Scotch strike, and the fears of strikes in England, have had a deterring effect. Altogether, therefore, speculators in London are just now in a very uncertain frame of mind. They are afraid to increase their risks, and yet they hesitate to sell largely. The result is that business has been exceedingly slack throughout the week, and that prices in most departments have given way somewhat.

HARTLEPOOL.

LORD SALISBURY'S party managers served him very badly when they arranged that he should make his "great" extra-Parliamentary deliverance on the very day on which the Hartlepool Election took place. They reckoned, of course, upon an easy victory for the formidable representative of the Unionists; and, undoubtedly, if their forecast had been verified by the result, the report of the Prime Minister's speech in the morning papers of Thursday would have seemed a very different matter from what it actually was. As it happened, Lord Salisbury's cynical jeers at the proceedings of his opponents, his cheap and rather vulgar fooling at the expense of the Irish members, and his personal impertinences towards Mr. Gladstone, fell particularly flat when set side by side with the enumeration of the West Hartlepool figures. We have spoken elsewhere of the extraordinary jubilation which has been displayed by the Ministerialists ever since Mr. Parnell's fall. It has not been dignified, and it has certainly been foolish. But when it has been followed by so crushing a blow as the loss of the seat for West Hartlepool, it becomes almost pitiable. Never has a political party met with such a disaster in the moment of its greatest exultation. The Liberals had a sore experience last November, when the treachery of Mr. Parnell suddenly endangered the triumph of the Home Rule cause which seemed then to be at hand. But it was Home Rule, not Liberalism, which was imperilled by that blow; and the Liberals could at least console themselves with the reflection that the disaster was not one for which they were in any degree responsible. The stoutest ship that ever sailed the ocean may be scuttled by a stowaway hidden in the hold, without any blame attaching to captain or crew. The case is altogether different with the Tory-Unionist reverse at Hartlepool. At the moment when they were most confident of success, and when apparently everything was in their favour, the Ministerialists have met with a reverse so severe that it has paralysed even the most audacious of their advocates. Let it be remembered that they had every advantage, fair and unfair, on their side. Their candidate was the strongest "local man" in Hartlepool, and he and his friends made the fullest use of his personal influence. Their opponents were caught at a terrible disadvantage, in the middle of the crisis which has thrown the Irish Parliamentary Party into confusion. And there has been no kind of scruple on the part of the Ministerialists. The good horse, Adultery, which Lord Salisbury backed to win, has thrown its rider. The ace of trumps has been played in vain; and Ministers have to add another to the long list of the disasters which have marked their course ever since they gained their snatch victory in 1886.

What is the meaning of it? When we endeavoured to teach our opponents the true moral of the Bassetlaw Election, we said that it showed that the strength of the Liberal party had not been destroyed nor its spirit broken by Mr. Parnell's treason. The same moral is taught by the great triumph at Hartlepool. We could wish for their own sakes that the writers in the Ministerial journals could master this simple truth. But they have made themselves drunk on their own rhetoric. They have so long spoken of Mr. Gladstone's followers as "items," bound together only by their common desire to ride into office on the back of Home Rule, that they have at last positively come to believe this absurdity. They forget that Mr. Gladstone stands to-day, as he stood ten years ago, at the head of a great historical party—a party with

which the best traditions of English public life are associated—a party, too, which for many generations has preserved its character and maintained its principles both in stormy times and in fair weather. To imagine that such a party as this can be destroyed by the selfish treachery of a single man is mere midsummer madness. Even if Home Rule were to be blotted to-morrow from the Liberal programme, the essential difference between Liberals and Conservatives—and among the latter we are compelled to class the Liberal Unionists—would still remain. The supporters of the Government sought to win this election at Hartlepool by an appeal to purely personal considerations. The good character of Sir William Gray and the bad character of Mr. Parnell were the arguments to which they trusted. They have been taught that personalities are beside the mark in great political struggles. Whatever may be the virtues of a local Unionist, and however great may be the offences of the ex-Home Rule leader, the question of principle remains unaffected; and Liberals will continue to be Liberals notwithstanding the treachery or the desertion of individuals. It is really a pity for his own sake that Lord Salisbury did not realise this fact before he spoke on Wednesday; he would then have been spared the humiliation which befell him on Thursday morning, when, side by side with the string of puerile and offensive personalities to which he gave utterance at Cambridge, appeared the declaration of the Hartlepool Liberals that they at least were true to their principles.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO HOME RULE.

IT cannot be said that Mr. Parnell's speeches at Tralee and Athlone are calculated to strengthen the hope that Mr. O'Brien's well-meant endeavour to solve the present difficulty in the Irish party in an amicable manner is likely to meet with success. The member for Cork seems bent upon inspiring both his friends and his enemies with the belief that he is determined, before retiring from public life, upon absolutely wrecking the cause with which he has hitherto been identified. If Mr. Parnell had accepted a bribe from Mr. Balfour and had deliberately undertaken the task of crushing the present Home Rule movement in Ireland, he could not have done more to earn his money than he has been doing of late.

We cannot quarrel with the enemies of Ireland because they now see in him their principal ally; but we cannot but wonder at the fact that there should be any honest Irish patriots who do not realise the selfishness and the treachery of the man himself. His speeches of last Sunday and Monday, and the circular letter that he had the effrontery to address to the party which had formally deposed him, afford evidence of a degree of shameless insensibility on his part that is literally astounding. His vehement abuse of all those who have turned against him since the exposure of his true character increases in volume and violence as time passes, and it is now accompanied by an equally vehement determination to sow the seeds of mutual hatred and suspicion between the peoples of England and Ireland. On Monday we find the man who, up to the moment of his conviction in the Divorce Court, had both publicly and privately expressed his entire satisfaction with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals, expressing his delight at having no longer to "stagger along under the maimed and whittled-down measures that Mr. Gladstone wished to place on their backs." And this is clearly the line by which he now seeks to rehabilitate

himself in the opinion of those Irishmen who have shrunk in loathing from the recent exposure of his personal life.

There is no need to speak of the wickedness of such a policy as this, nor, happily, can we discuss the probability of its succeeding. Mr. Parnell may still win the cheers of the mob in some Irish towns; but all that is best in Irish life, the clergy, the educated laity, the men who have shown themselves strongest and most independent in the struggle for Home Rule, have turned their backs upon him; and the one object that he can now achieve is the destruction of the political movement of which he was the recent leader, and with which his name must be inseparably identified.

It is no part of the business of Englishmen to attempt to dictate to the people of Ireland the means by which they are to advance the national cause. Our task is accomplished when we have pointed to the consequences that would inevitably follow the personal victory of Mr. Parnell in the present conflict. But though Englishmen are of necessity dumb on the questions of party organisation which the Irish representatives have still to settle, they have almost as keen an interest in the wise solution of those questions as the Irish themselves. The opponents of Home Rule in this country are absolutely revelling in the present position of affairs. We have but to take the speech of Sir Henry James last Monday in order to see with what joy their hearts are filled as they look upon the mad career of Mr. Parnell in Ireland. We have never disputed the fact that recent events have given the Liberal Unionists and the other supporters of Mr. Balfour good reason to rejoice; but what we have to ask those gentlemen, who are now so loudly proclaiming the downfall of Home Rule, is what they are prepared to put in its place. That is a question we would earnestly commend to the attention of every English elector, to whatever party he may belong; for nothing is more certain than that, if Home Rule were to go, it would have to be replaced by something very different from the present state of things.

Has Sir Henry James any conception of the system of Irish Government which he would offer to the country in exchange for that well-considered scheme of local administration contained in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886? No one knows better than he does that the system which may be roughly called "Balfourism" would die at the same moment as Home Rule. It is a system purely temporary in its character, devised to meet an exceptional state of things, and carried on during the past four years with a very moderate amount of success. But even if it were otherwise, and if this system of rough and raw coercion, administered by police officials and removable magistrates of the type of Mr. Shannon, were meant to be permanent, is there any Englishman, from Sir Henry James downwards, who would be prepared to pay in perpetuity the price which is demanded for it? Let our exultant antagonists think for a moment of what that price must be. It would involve the continued expenditure of the better part of the time and strength of Parliament in the consideration of Irish questions great and small, to the exclusion of those Imperial problems which so loudly demand a solution. It would mean the continued degradation of Parliamentary institutions in this country, for if the Constitutional members who now represent Irish feeling were to be replaced by men of the stamp of those to whom Mr. Parnell is making his appeal, obstruction would rise to a height it has never yet approached. In Ireland it would involve the growth of a new system of secret societies, more dangerous

than any we have yet seen; and in the United States it would mean that every politician who desired to win the support of the electors would have to do so as the avowed enemy of Great Britain.

These are but a few of the consequences that would follow any attempt to maintain the present mode of governing Ireland after Home Rule had disappeared from the field. They are not consequences which can be lightly faced by any wise man on either side of St. George's Channel. Yet the alternative to them would be the absolute suppression of the Parliamentary representation of Ireland, and the conversion of that country into a Crown colony governed openly by despotic methods. We prefer to believe that Sir Henry James was right when he told his hearers on Monday that great principles—if they are truly great and practical in the manner of their application—never have been and never can be affected by any personalities. Heavy as is the blow which has been struck at the Home Rule cause by Mr. Parnell's recent action, we do not believe that the principle upon which that cause rests has suffered. The nation cannot be confounded with the individual, however prominent the latter may be, and we look confidently to a time when the errors, the excesses, and the actual crimes, which have unhappily been associated with the last days of Mr. Parnell's leadership, will be forgotten in the triumph of a principle which happily depends upon the life and the character of no single man. If we are asked as to the ground we have for this confidence, we cannot do better than repeat the question we have already put to our opponents: What will you set up in place of Home Rule?

ONE MAN ONE VOTE.

PARLIAMENT is once more in session, and it is already known that among the other questions with which it will be invited to deal is that of electoral reform. The Liberal leaders feel that the time is come when some existing anomalies must be swept away, and the last hindrance to the free exercise of the franchise by all electors on equal terms removed. The new Reform Bill will be founded on the principle of "one man, one vote"; and already we are assured by uneasy Tories that this is "a pitiful bribe," while Mr. Chamberlain hastens to inform the democracy that although this principle is "theoretically" indisputable, it can ensure no practical benefit to the working classes. Mr. Chamberlain's idea of a practical benefit is a Tory Allotment Act which is a notorious failure, and a vague pledge in the Queen's Speech, on which Mr. Jesse Collings may hang simpering platitudes like dolls on a string. To admit that "one man, one vote" is "theoretically" sound policy, is like saying that a certain man is good enough, but you would prefer his ghost. Mr. Chamberlain has no valid objection to the reform, but he is furious at the thought that the Liberal party will profit by it. "This sort of thing, my friend," he says to the working man, "was all very well in the days when I was a Radical, but it is no good to you now. How will you be better off because your master has only one vote like yourself? He may be an excellent Unionist, and to deprive him of the right of voting wherever he has a property qualification will seriously hamper me in my efforts to provide you with sound Tory legislation. Besides, the old cry of electoral reform will recall the Liberal traditions which are my private property, and enable Mr. Gladstone to show that I am resisting an attempt to extend the basis of democratic authority. This, you will perceive, is not the Liberalism which belongs to me, but the

Nihilism of which the Opposition leaders are the slaves."

That "one man one vote" will be a distinct gain to the democracy needs very little demonstration. This is clear to the Tory who raves at what he calls "a pitiful bribe." The "bribe" is simply the logical supplement of household suffrage. The object of that reform was to destroy the political inequality between the big householder and the little one, but the inequality remains as long as property is permitted to multiply votes for the big householder all over the country. To argue that a man should have political power in proportion to the extent of his possessions, is simply to deny the spirit of the Reform Act of 1867. It is the old Tory contention that the country should be ruled by people who have the largest stake in it. If the present anomaly is to be maintained it ought logically to be extended, so that the mere numerical superiority of small householders in a constituency should not outweigh the legitimate influence of the local landowners. If property is to shape the destinies of the nation, why should not the landlord with the largest stake put a borough in his pocket, like the Duke of Newcastle? Under such a system plurality of votes would be consistent. Under household suffrage it is an illogical abuse. Of course, we are told that the Liberal party have just discovered this, as if "one man one vote" had not been a conspicuous feature of our programme for years. Mr. Gladstone is not a recent convert to the principle, for in his first Midlothian campaign he denounced the faggot votes which enabled Tories, with literally no personal interest in the constituency, to qualify themselves as electors by a little juggling with technical formalities. Mr. Chamberlain does scant justice to the natural intelligence of the working man, who knows perfectly well that the vote he has for the division in which he lives and labours ought not to be neutralised by the vote of some landlord who never sets foot in the place except on polling day, and who has a dozen votes in different constituencies. Unless our democratic Constitution is a sham, this abuse of the privileges of property must come to an end.

Another clear gain to the working classes from the Opposition Reform Bill will be the payment of election expenses out of the rates. Possibly the payment of members is a point that will be reserved, though opinion in favour of that proposal is certainly maturing. At all events, the relief of candidates from the expenses of elections will enable working men to send to the House of Commons more representatives of their own class. There must, of course, be some guarantee against bogus candidates, but that can be ensured by a provision that every candidate shall be nominated by fifty householders. Mr. Chamberlain will probably find the public payment of electoral charges "theoretically" excellent, but will point out that labour needs no more representatives in Parliament while the Chamberlain family and a Tory Government are there to take care of its interests. Another reform, cogently advocated by Mr. Stansfeld, is the reduction of the qualifying term of residence from twelve months to three, a measure which would necessitate a revision of the register at least every six months instead of once a year. Then the absurdities of the registration courts must be taken in hand. Half the time of a revising barrister is occupied by the attempts of rival electioneering agents to cheat electors out of their votes. The whole system of claims and objections is grossly absurd, and leads to a chicanery with which many people have neither time nor inclination to cope. Nothing is more likely to disgust a man with the franchise than to find that his claim is the subject of some wholly dishonest ob-

jection, which puts him to expense and inconvenience. All this may be amended if the County Councils or municipal authorities are allowed to appoint officials whose business it will be to see that duly qualified persons are placed on the register in the public interest, and not for party advantage. Does Mr. Chamberlain really imagine that the working man will see no practical benefit in these proposals? Do they like to be disfranchised for a year, or, it may be, two years, because the necessities of employment have compelled them to move from one division to another? Are they desperately enamoured of the ratepaying qualification which Mr. Stansfeld proposes to abolish? No one knows better than Mr. Chamberlain that a Reform Bill founded on these lines will rally to its support all the Radicalism in the country, that it will be hotly resisted by the Tories, that it will pillory the Liberal Unionists once more as the enemies of democratic legislation, and that, by clearly defining the old party divisions, it will make the idea of a "National Party" more grotesque than ever. No wonder Mr. Goschen moderates his joy over the Irish crisis. He feels that the pretence of this Ministry to legislate for all the legitimate needs of the country is about to be fatally exposed. It will not do to assert that electoral reform is designed by Mr. Gladstone to hide the failure of Home Rule. They are branches of the same policy, for it would be grossly inconsistent to give the British democracy the power of which it is deprived by legalised anomalies, and deny to Irishmen the right to manage Irish affairs. A Reform Bill will help and not displace Home Rule, and the Unionist resistance to both will involve Mr. Chamberlain and his allies in embarrassments which are not theoretical.

THE SLAVES OF THE RAIL.

THE appearance of one of the periodical returns as to the hours of railway servants which issue from the Board of Trade, throws a very vivid light on the great labour battle in the north. The return itself is the last of a series which we owe to the Railway Regulations Act of 1889, and is a very pretty instance of what we may call arrested development in the growth of public authority. Since 1889 the companies have been compelled to disclose the time-tables of workers responsible for the safety of trains and passengers, whenever they indicate an excess over the normal period assigned by the Board of Trade. That period is fixed at a working day of twelve hours. It is an irritating thought that if the powers of the Board had been extended a very little further in the direction in which that staunch friend of the railway workers, Mr. Channing, proposes, the whole calamitous waste of industrial forces that we are deploring to-day might have been averted. The Edinburgh Town Council has petitioned the Government to ensure the safety of the travelling public, and the fulfilment of the companies' contracts. But both these matters are provided for under one or another of the measures in return for which the nation places its carrying trade in the hands of half a dozen monopolists. Had they been accompanied by a simple clause enacting a ten hours day—such as the Glasgow Town Council already assigns its tramway workers—as a normal and sufficiently elastic rule, the Board of Trade would not have been reduced to the rather pitiable plight of recording and exposing a scandal against which it should have had full powers of defence.

That it is a scandal no one who peruses this return, which is the companies' witness against themselves, can doubt. The months for which statistics of the men's hours have been taken are September, 1889,

and March, 1890. The latter month shows some improvement on the earlier, and a still more noticeable advance on preceding returns, which is in itself a suggestive lesson in the value of having the national work done well under the taskmaster's eye. Both periods, however, are bad enough in all conscience. The Scottish companies are just now the more conspicuous offenders, though they are by no means the worst. The returns inform us of the number of hours worked in excess of twelve in one or more instances during the month, and of the intervals of rest between the spells of duty. Making all allowance for occasional rests at a terminus, for off-days, for the easy life at country stations, and assuming the periods to be typical of the general working of the railways, the system strikes us as thoroughly merciless, fraught with danger to the public, and quite curiously indifferent to the working man's social and family claims. Thus in September, 1889, the Caledonian Company—to which the *Times* awards a dazzling certificate of merit—worked eighty-eight per cent. of its engine-drivers and firemen over twelve hours a day, and over ten per cent. fourteen hours, while there were eighty-four cases of work for eighteen hours “and upwards,” “upwards” being, as the men's tales assure us, a convenient symbol often covering a working day of twenty hours. On the North British only about seventy per cent. of the goods guards and drivers and firemen, who furnish most of the examples of oppression, worked over twelve hours a day in the two periods selected, but in March, 1890, there were actually 1,016 instances of continuous work for eighteen hours and more a day! That these returns are in no way abnormal is clear from Mr. Webb's abstract of hours worked during the period immediately before the strike. Thus “H. B.,” a fireman, worked an average day of 15½ hours for eight months on end, reserving 8½ for his family, his duties as a citizen, and his pleasures. Another fireman enjoyed an average working day of 14 hours, and tops the list in these chronicles of slavery with a proud maximum of a twenty-three hours day. Even these terrifying figures, however, are surpassed on the great English lines, whose vast wealth and enormous responsibilities would have suggested a better treatment of their servants. In March, 1890, on the Great Eastern, which, however, shows some improvement on earlier returns, 89·08 per cent. of the goods guards were on duty more than twelve hours; on the Great Northern over 88 per cent. of the goods guards, and over 86 per cent. of the drivers and firemen, exceeded the twelve hours tale; on the London and Brighton over 91 per cent. of this latter class worked over hours, and on the South-Eastern eighty-one drivers and firemen out of every hundred were similarly treated. The worst average of all is that which the Midland Company is compelled to record against itself. These are the figures for the two classes of goods guards and drivers and firemen:—

		Percentage working over 12 hours.	Instances of work for 18 hours and upwards.
Goods Guards	{ Sept., 1889	94·83	570
	{ Mar., 1890	92·99	324
Drivers and Firemen	{ Sept., 1889	95·90	1,831
	{ Mar., 1890	94·27	991

After this, we learn, with only a mild shock of surprise, that in September, 1889, 28 per cent. of the engine-drivers' firemen on the Metropolitan Railway spent, on an average, over twelve hours a day amid the poisonous fumes of the underground lines. On

the other hand, as a proof of what a great company can do when it is content with a humane organisation of its labour, it is refreshing to quote the example of the London and South-Western, which has established a twelve-hours day for nearly every class of its servants, and, with the exception of a small proportion of its goods guards, has rigidly adhered to it.

The public interest in the cessation of this disastrous system is curiously enforced by Major-General Hutchinson's and Major Marindin's reports to the Board of Trade on two railway disasters, both of which were remarkable for the long hours worked by the servants directly responsible. Major Marindin points out that the driver and fireman of one of the trains in collision on the Great Northern had been continuously at work for more than eighteen hours; and he hints significantly that the times recorded in the books are apt to be exceeded. But the most practical issue before the country is that presented by the refusal of the whole body of railway servants, as represented by their Unions, to acquiesce any longer in the custom of overtime so recklessly enforced by the companies. The two Amalgamated Societies of Railway Servants, representing about 50,000 workers, now unite in a demand for a Ten Hours Bill, which, as the Duke of St. Albans reminds us, they formerly opposed. Clearly their attitude is the result, not of any abstract preference for State action, but of their despair of obtaining what they want by the path of negotiation with their employers. Professor Jevons laid down the rule that State interference with the hours of labour was unobjectionable if the prevailing customs were injurious to health and there was no other “probable remedy.” What “probable remedy” exists for the railway men when, as Mr. Campbell-Bannerman points out, a body of employers slams the door in the face of the men's Unions, it is not easy to discover. It is at all times a bad thing for masters to treat the workers' delegate as if he were a Curious Impertinent, and to brush aside the proffered services of the representatives of the people. It is especially intolerable when these gentlemen happen to be monopolists, obtaining what is practically a guaranteed benefit from the State, and accepting in return a system of surveillance equally necessary to the health of their servants and the safety of the public.

THE SILVER BILL.

WHILE the Western States of the American Union appear to be more intent than ever upon further silver legislation, opposition to it is decidedly growing in the Eastern States, where there is more capital, and where, consequently, the public is more sensitive to dangers to the Money Market. Twelve months ago, when the Act of last Session was introduced, there was scarcely any popular disapproval. It was thought that the Bill would raise prices by inflating the currency, and that was generally assumed to be a desirable thing. Recent experience, however, has brought home to the capitalist classes the dangers of meddling with the currency of the country, and now there is an active agitation in the older States against the Bill just passed by the Senate. The Bill authorises all holders of silver to send it to the United States Mints and have it coined free of charge. It also continues the issuing of silver certificates, the certificates as well as silver coins being made legal tender for all debts, public and private. Whether the Bill will be passed by the House of Representatives, and whether, if it is, it will be approved by the President, is yet doubtful. But if it becomes law it

will unquestionably disturb the American Money Market, and probably cause a heavy fall in American prices. Except that it is heavier, and therefore more cumbersome, silver is as good a standard of value as gold if people would be content to accept it as such; but the American people are not so content. They insist upon having both gold and silver in circulation, and as it is impossible that two moneys of different real values in the markets of the world should circulate side by side and exchange at artificial ratios, it is certain that an unlimited issue of silver and silver notes must drive gold out of circulation. The United States grow very rapidly both in wealth and population, and therefore they can add to the money in circulation more rapidly than most countries. But there is a limit to the money which can circulate even in such a country as the United States, and the experience of the past few months seems to show that the limit is very nearly reached for the present. Without going now into the evidence, which points to the conclusion that gold is being hoarded, we may say that according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, issued last month, the United States circulation has been increased during the past twenty years by 145½ millions sterling, and that even in the last ten years the increase has been somewhat over ninety-five millions sterling. The Silver Law of last session provides for a further large increase, and it is impossible that room can be made for the addition which would follow a free coinage Act, without withdrawing some of the present money. If the mints of the United States are to be opened to the silver of all the world at a price equivalent to somewhat over 59d. per ounce, it is obviously the interest of every holder of silver throughout the world to send the metal to the United States, and get that price for it.

If the issuing of certificates were stopped, the pouring-in of silver would probably be prevented, for the American people will not have cumbersome silver coins, though they are ready enough to receive silver notes, but if the owners of silver when depositing it at the mints can obtain certificates that are as good as coins themselves, then it is obviously certain that the metal will be poured in from all other countries. Naturally bankers and other capitalists will fear that if silver is coined at the rate which now seems probable, gold will be driven out of circulation. They will fear therefore that when they require gold they will be unable to get it, and consequently they will either stipulate with their customers that all debts must be paid in gold, or they will begin to hoard gold either in their own vaults, or by sending it to London, where they can be sure of obtaining it when required. Other people, once they have reason to think that gold is being hoarded, will follow the example. They will know that gold is more valuable than silver in the markets of the world, and consequently they will be unwilling to exchange the more valuable for the less valuable metal. Besides, any of them that may require to make payments abroad, or to fulfil old contracts for payments in gold, will like to have the metal in such a way that they can fulfil their contracts. The reasonable probability then is that gold will very soon disappear from the circulation, and only silver will be left. If that happens, there is much more likely to be a contraction of the currency than an inflation. For though, as we have just been pointing out, it will be to the interest of the holders of silver all over the world to send it to the United States mints, yet they cannot do so as quickly as gold can be withdrawn by bankers and other capitalists. The first likelihood, therefore, is that more money will be withdrawn from general circulation in the form of gold than will be added to it in the form of silver,

or silver certificates; and the second probability, or at least the second danger, is, that bankers may become disquieted, and may either refuse to give the accommodation to which their customers are used, or may insist upon stipulating for payment in gold. In either case there may be alarm excited in the Money Market. People may begin to doubt whether they can get from their bankers the accommodation on which they have been accustomed to reckon, and may therefore sell all sorts of stocks in fright. Those who desire for any reason to have command of gold will naturally sell in Europe, where they can call for payment in the metal, and consequently there may not improbably be a heavy fall upon the Stock Exchange, as well as a serious disturbance in the Money Market. One other circumstance would, no doubt, increase the general apprehension. During the Civil War, and for some years afterwards, while specie payments were suspended, several American railroad companies borrowed capital, issuing bonds principal and interest payable in currency. Since the resumption of specie payments the interest and principal have always been paid in gold. But if gold should be driven out, and silver become the real standard of value, those companies would clearly be entitled to pay in silver. And the fear that they might do so would depreciate the value of their bonds, and probably lead to heavy sales of them by European holders.

If the Act were passed, and if the consequences were to be the disappearance of gold from the American circulation, and the practical acceptance of silver as the standard of value, the tendency, of course, would be to raise the price of silver. But it is very doubtful indeed whether the price could be maintained very much higher than it is at present. The United States Treasury has a vast amount of gold, and if that gold could be got out of the Treasury, and brought over to Europe, it would of course make gold much more plentiful in Europe, and therefore tend to raise European prices measured in gold—the price of silver amongst the rest. On the other hand, if the United States were to become a silver-using country in the full sense of the term, the consumption of silver would be increased, and therefore the tendency would be for the price of silver to rise quite independently of movements in gold. Yet it is doubtful whether the consumption of the United States would be so very large as materially to enhance the price of the metal. Of course, if every holder of silver can send the metal to the mints and obtain certificates from the Government which are to be full legal tender within the United States, then there is no apparent limit to the amount of silver that might be so sent to the mints but the capacity of the United States to absorb silver notes in circulation. And if all gold were driven out, the room for silver would be greatly increased for a long time to come. On the other hand, if the issuing of certificates were suspended, very little silver could be got into circulation, for the experience of the past twelve years proves conclusively that the people will not take silver coins. The Government exhausted all its energies in trying to get the coins into circulation, and failed. There is one other point to be taken into consideration, namely, that any considerable rise in the price might induce Germany and the nations of the Latin Union to sell very large amounts of silver. It is usually estimated that the Imperial Bank of Germany still holds about ten millions sterling of the metal. And notoriously the holdings in the nations of the Latin Union are enormous. If they were to sell, there might be a fall in the price instead of a rise, in spite of an immense increase in the consumption of the

United States. On the other hand, of course, if they did not sell, and if any of them showed an inclination to enter into a combination with the United States for keeping up the price, there might be a very considerable rise.

THE NEW EDUCATION GRANT.

THE cause of secondary education appears at last to be making advances in this country. For the first time, owing partly to accident, partly to the enterprise of individuals, and mainly to the disappointment of the sinister intentions of the Government, the local authorities in England find themselves in possession of large funds, which they are permitted, if so inclined, to apply to the purposes of higher education. Already there are many indications that they intend to avail themselves freely of this permission, and the Conference of County Councillors held in London last month, under the auspices of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, is a proof that they intend to use it well. The new code of higher education is summarised in two short and unpretentious Acts of Parliament.

The Technical Instruction Act, 1889, empowers the local authority to "supply or aid the supply of technical or manual instruction" out of the local rate. The Local Taxation Act, 1890, empowers the County Councils to contribute any part of a large fund, which is placed at their disposal by an Imperial grant, "for the purposes of technical education within the meaning of the Technical Instruction Act, 1889," independently of any rate raised under that Act. The meaning of technical education or technical instruction under these Acts is broad and comprehensive. It is defined as "instruction in the principles of science and art applicable to industries, and in the application of special branches of science and art to specific industries or employments." It includes "instruction in the branches of science and art with respect to which grants are for the time being made by the Department of Science and Art, and any other form of instruction (including modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects) which may for the time being be sanctioned by that Department." It includes, in fact, besides manual training, the teaching of science and mathematics, of drawing and modern languages, of commercial history and geography, of book-keeping and shorthand, and the study in rural districts of the processes of agriculture, and it therefore covers nearly all the ground that would be covered by the instruction of a modern secondary school.

On this new code, and the possibilities contained in it, a most useful handbook has been published by Mr. Brunner and Mr. T. E. Ellis, two of the Members of Parliament who, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Acland, were instrumental in securing the grant of last year. The book purports to deal only with public education in Cheshire, and the latter part of it is largely occupied with statistics and other matters applicable to Cheshire alone; but apart from that, it contains a careful summary of all the information on the subject which is applicable to all County Councils alike. The two Acts are examined in detail, and set out with a commentary and notes. There is a chapter on the formation of Science and Art schools, and the nature and condition of Government aid towards them; there is a summary of the law relating to public libraries and museums; and there is a great deal of useful information with regard to the condition of schools,

the duties of school inspectors, and the efforts made by various bodies to encourage secondary and technical teaching.

But the best part of the little volume lies, perhaps, in the suggestions which it offers for utilising the new Acts. Both the local rate and the Imperial grant can now, it points out, be used for a variety of purposes—to aid existing schools and institutions which already offer technical or agricultural instruction; to provide new secondary schools, or to attach "modern sides" to old schools; and, in districts where permanent institutions cannot as yet be founded, to prepare the way for them by organising or aiding a central system of peripatetic teaching. For these purposes Mr. Brunner and Mr. Ellis strongly urge the formation in every county of a standing Committee or Council of Education, consisting, as the Act suggests, partly of members of the County Council, partly of representatives drawn from outside, to consider the best means of applying the new grant, to co-operate with all educational movements and bodies in the county, and to control, to organise, and where necessary to create, a permanent system of higher education.

In the great opportunity which has thus offered for establishing and endowing secondary education, it is much to be hoped that the Universities will bear a part. The success which Oxford and Cambridge have met with in extending their system of teaching to the country has long been amply recognised. Lord Hartington has advised the County Councils to apply some of the funds at their command in assisting and developing University Extension teaching. Mr. Brunner and Mr. Ellis repeat this recommendation. The Devonshire County Council has decided to grant £3,000 for this purpose this year, and other counties are preparing to follow in the same path. The aim which promoters of University Extension teaching have set before themselves; and which is every day advancing further into the region of practice, is the ultimate establishment of local colleges—supported, perhaps, by groups of federated towns—with an organised system of advanced instruction, not only in science, but in history and literature and classics too. This aim the County Councils show a strong inclination to promote, and the old Universities, which possess in the country a popularity of which they are hardly conscious, ought to spare no effort to co-operate in the task. Their name still acts as a spell, even in democratic cities, among students who have little reverence for other institutions that are ancient and conservative; and those who most earnestly hope that Oxford and Cambridge may preserve their power and traditions undiminished, are anxious that they should take this opportunity to show their sympathy with the spirit of the times.

One further step Parliament has still to take in order to render its new educational code complete, and there is reason to hope that it may be taken in the present session. It is to extend the scope of the recent Acts so as to permit the County Councils to encourage literary and historical, and possibly even classical, teaching. No system of secondary education can be adequate which does not admit of this. The State concerns itself with education not only to enable its subjects to compete successfully in the markets of the world, but also to produce good citizens, men taught to read, to learn, to think, to know the history of their country, to love its traditions, its literature, its prose and song. Other States before us have considered it a duty to teach their people patriotism, and no national system of higher education can be perfect in which the teaching of patriotism is left entirely out of sight.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NEARLY five feet of snow in Vienna and 8,000 men clearing the streets; the bridges on the Po in serious danger from floating ice; the ground in some Brussels cemeteries frozen so hard that special tools have been necessary to dig the graves; the Lake of Constance and the Rhone at Geneva covered with ice; men and horses frozen to death while travelling; Naples, Rome, and even Algeria under snow; wolves driven into populous districts; towns snowed in; trains blocked; Heligoland cut off for eighteen days; and other North Sea islands reduced to famine. Such were the events daily reported till the partial thaw in the middle of this week. Grave distress has existed for some weeks in Italy; the French Chambers have unanimously voted six million francs (there were 50,000 people out of work in Paris on Tuesday, apart from the "submerged tenth"), and shelters have been improvised—some by the Salvation Army, but chiefly by the public authorities in the Exhibition buildings in the Champ de Mars. Hamburg and Antwerp were long frozen in; 180 vessels have been lying idle at the latter place, and 20,000 men are reported out of work; and though private charity has done something for them, the action of the Belgian Government hitherto has, we believe, been limited to supplying additional arms to the police.

Twenty-six thousand Army Reserve men called out without the customary two days' notice; a Cabinet Council sitting in Brussels till two in the morning, and finally deciding to remove the arms usually kept in the Palais de Justice to barracks, in case of an *émeute*; a proposal to call out a third set of Reservists only checked by the absence of sufficient stores or accommodation—and all because of a perfectly legal agitation, started among the steady *bourgeoisie* of Brussels, and culminating in monster meetings and a huge petition in favour of the extension of the franchise, which many Conservatives are disposed to favour, and about which the Liberals themselves are not unanimous. No wonder, if such is the conduct of the Government, that a revolutionary spirit is said to be growing in Belgium. It is a pity, however, that no agreement has yet been come to among the Liberals as to the precise form the extension is to take—whether universal suffrage pure and simple, or an educational test, or simply a great reduction of the high property qualification at present in force.

Items of German news are:—A debate in the Reichstag on the reduction of the corn duties, remarkable for Herr Richter's vigorous attacks on the Protectionist policy initiated by Prince Bismarck; circumstantial reports, wholly unfounded, that the Emperor intends to propose a European disarmament; the outburst of enthusiasm among the Catholics on the eightieth birthday of their veteran leader, Herr Windthorst; an announcement that the Prussian Government intends to ask the Landtag to restore the salaries of bishops and priests suspended during the Kulturkampf; a new anti-Semitic society, joined by no less a person than Professor Gneist the jurist; a declaration of the Emperor against bimetalism; and interviews with Prince Bismarck which are even less important than usual.

From France—apart from the weather—the chief news is economic. The Government and the majority of the Chamber have given fresh proofs of their inclination to an increasingly Protectionist policy; and the Commission charged with obtaining information as to the hours of labour has published a summary of the answers received from various bodies of masters and workmen entitled to speak with more or less authority. The immense majority of the former, and a considerable minority of the latter, object to all legal regulation of the hours of labour whatever; and only 186 bodies of workmen (out of 410 consulted) demand the eight hours day pure and simple.

Plague is reported to be ravaging parts of Asiatic

Russia and carrying off the Samoyedes in great numbers. Not content with persecuting Protestants and Catholics, the Russian Government is now attacking the faith of its Mussulman subjects. This is a new departure, and it is not surprising that vigorous opposition is reported, or that the subject States in Central Asia are beginning to make representations on the subject to the Government. The Budget estimates published last week are rather less satisfactory than in recent years, and there is reason to believe they are too favourable.

The situation in Ticino is not much altered. The Constituent Assembly, composed wholly of "Clerical" Conservatives, met on Monday to revise the Constitution, and elected a moderate man president, and an extremist (Signor Respini) chairman of the committee, charged with the drafting of the new Constitution; whose efforts are not likely to succeed. Colonel Künzli, who has done such excellent service as Federal Commissioner since the revolution, and who is reported to have again tendered his resignation, was to discuss the situation with the Federal Council on Wednesday. But in the interest of order, their intervention cannot yet terminate.

The Anti-English feeling in Portugal has unfortunately been stimulated afresh by the arrival of Colonel Paiva d'Andrade with a circumstantial narrative of how he was kidnapped by the troops of the South Africa Company. Mr. Rhodes' reply will be awaited with curiosity. Meanwhile, a very different account of the English claims is given by the *Times* correspondent at Manica. A new draft convention is reported to have been handed by the Portuguese to Lord Salisbury, but nothing has transpired as to its terms. In the *Journal des Débats* of Monday a Portuguese official states their case—insisting on the danger that the agitation may promote the absorption of Portugal by Spain, and arguing that England ought to be satisfied with the guarantee of freedom of the trade routes through Portuguese territory.

Spain is preparing for a General Election, to be held on Sunday week, February 1st. It cannot be said that the prospects of the Liberal Opposition are very bright. The party was decidedly beaten last month at the election of Provincial Councils, though the numerous abstentions make this indication uncertain. A coalition with the Republicans seems as yet not decided on: and the recent Protectionist measures of the Government will no doubt fulfil their purpose, of gaining the country districts for the Conservatives.

The hostile Sioux have at last definitely surrendered and submitted to disarmament, and the Indian difficulty in the United States seems to be over. It is to be hoped the murder of a surrendering chief by a party of white men in ambush, reported on Wednesday, may not have the effect of renewing hostilities. It looks almost like a deliberate attempt to upset the settlement, with a view to bring on a war of extermination. The war has at least had one good effect: it has again drawn public attention to the frauds practised on the Indians, and to the urgent necessity, in this department even more than in others, for the introduction of a permanent and regularly trained Civil Service.

The Chilean insurrection seems to have spread to part of the army, and the principal ports are being blockaded by the navy on behalf of the insurgents. A rebellion in Entre Rios, in the Argentine Republic, reported last Saturday, seems to have been put down at once. But with the Customs duties increased, and Argentine stocks sensitive, we may look for plenty of such announcements, true or false. General Mitre's candidature for the Presidency is being vigorously pushed by the Unione Civica—apparently a sort of middle party between the Buenos Ayreans and the inhabitants of the interior. A panic in Brazilian stocks has been caused by a report as to a contemplated debasement of the currency, which, however, is officially declared to have been entirely unfounded.

KOCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

SINCE September last, when an article appeared in these columns headed "Can Consumption be Cured?" the medical as well as the general public have laboured under a not unnatural degree of excitement on the subject of Koch's reputed remedy for one of the most serious ills to which flesh is heir.

The daily papers have teemed with statements on the subject, often of the vaguest and sometimes of the most contradictory character, and the medical and invalid worlds have, so to speak, been taken by storm in the belief that at last a panacea for consumption in every stage had been found. Crowds of unfortunate sufferers have journeyed to Berlin, only, in many cases, to suffer a disappointment of the hopes of speedy cure which had buoyed them up. So large, indeed, has been, and is still, the number of consumptive patients travelling to and from Berlin, that not only all the hospitals and many private establishments have been crowded to an inconvenient and undesirable extent, but an alarm has recently been raised as to the danger of infection even from the railway carriages on some of the main lines centring in the German metropolis, so that special instructions as to the cleansing and airing of the sleeping cars, as well as orders for a scientific examination of the cushions and woodwork of the carriages on these lines, have been issued by the German Board of Health.

Up to within the last few days the German Government, which has taken the question of the supply of Dr. Koch's lymph within its own cognisance and management, refused, it would seem, to grant permission to the discoverer to make the details of his remedy known, on the plea that danger would ensue to the public from any inefficient preparation of a remedy which, when properly prepared and used, is one of immense value, but which, when carelessly made and recklessly employed, might be as dangerous to human life as the deadly snake poison.

The grave difficulties which must manifestly occur when Government interferes with the free working of scientific discovery, are now beginning to be felt, and it is stated that differences have arisen in the German Cabinet not only on the secret remedy question, but also in regard to the principle involved in a profit being made out of that remedy by the State. To-day, however, we are in possession of some details of the mode of preparation of the material used by Koch for hypodermic injection, so that the ethical objection raised by the medical profession against Koch's treatment as involving the use of secret methods has been to some extent removed.

From Koch's own lips we now know that the lymph does not contain the living bacillus characteristic of the various forms of tuberculosis, but consists of a product of its life and growth. For just as alcohol is the peculiar product of the life and growth of the yeast plant, so it would appear that the bacillus characteristic of each peculiar infectious disease, among which tuberculosis is to be reckoned, gives rise to a distinct chemical product possessing, like alcohol, a definite chemical composition and characteristic properties.

The active material in Koch's remedy is a white, solid substance, the exact nature of which has as yet baffled the attempts of the chemists to decipher, but the principle of its preparation and action is not altogether without a parallel. Thus it has been shown that the chemical poison of the diphtheritic bacillus can be separated by filtration from the organism itself, and if one drop of this pellucid liquid be given to an animal, that animal dies with some of the well-known symptoms of the disease. But more than this: we now know that in certain other cases, as, for instance, in the disease known as "hog cholera," the chemical poison, when given in small doses, renders the animal safe against a further attack. The recognition of the fact that it is to the presence of

the chemical product of the life of the microbe, and not to that of the microbe itself, that the immunity is to be ascribed, is only a recent one. Pasteur, it is true, some years ago proved that an attenuated or weakened virus of several infectious diseases had the power of conferring immunity, but he did not ascertain whether this protective effect was due to the living microbe or to the poison which it secretes. How this immunity is effected by these chemical poisons is still a matter of conjecture. It is difficult to understand why the addition of a quantity, apparently only the merest trace, of such a chemical poison, which, it must be borne in mind, is present in the body by virtue of the existence there of the bacilli, can produce so violent an effect as it is found to do. We must in this, as in so many cases, be content to await the results of careful observation and research, but it must be here remembered that the action of these bacterial poisons is sometimes a cumulative one, so that the effects of these poisons are often not immediately felt, but may require some time before they appear, just as the poisonous effects of small doses of the metal lead sometimes present in drinking-water are only perceptible after long periods of drinking.

As to the exact therapeutic value of Koch's discovery for all the varied forms of tubercular disease, the opinion of even the most distinguished medical men seems yet to be divided; and when specialists are not unanimous, it behoves the general public to be cautious in accepting as a *fait accompli* a question which is, in reality, only in process of solution.

For some kinds of this class of diseases, however, especially for those whose seat is at the surface of the body, such as tuberculous lupus, satisfactory proof as to the curative effect seems to be forthcoming, as a large number of cases of this disease have already been satisfactorily treated.

Less encouraging results, however, ensued from the treatment by Koch's method of other classes of these diseases, such as that of pulmonary tuberculosis, and this want of success is particularly marked in chronic and advanced cases, in some of which serious and even fatal consequences have followed the treatment. The moral to be drawn from the present condition of things is that until sufficient experimental evidence is before us, not only with regard to the exact mode of preparing the curative material, but especially with regard to every detail of long-continued observation and experiments made for the purpose of showing the action of the lymph on infected as well as on healthy animals, the general employment of these inoculations seems of doubtful expediency. There can, however, be little doubt that a substance which produces so marvellous an effect upon tubercular tissue as this has been proved to do will in the end be adopted by the profession as a cure for many if not for all the forms of the disease, and may possibly effect its extermination not only in man but in animals.

This conclusion suggests the remark that we, in England, have no national institution such as exists in almost every other civilised country for the furtherance of researches in preventive medicine; and without such laborious and extended research, no results of magnitude or value in these most difficult and complicated fields of new inquiry can be looked for.

It is to be hoped, in the interests of the national welfare, that the proposal which is now being made by an influential committee, of which Sir Joseph Lister is the chairman, for the purpose of founding an institute of the kind worthy of the nation, will ere long meet with that public support and encouragement which its importance—nay, its absolute necessity—demands.

This resolve to establish such an Institute of Preventive Medicine took its rise at a meeting held rather more than a year ago at the Mansion House. It was felt that it is neither fitting nor politic for England to be dependent upon the national laboratories on the Continent for obtaining the means of preventing and curing infectious

diseases. Indeed, it may well be made a matter of reproach to our country that in a subject of such vital importance to the community we are not only behind Germany, France, Russia, and Italy, but behind even smaller States, such as Switzerland and Roumania. In foreign countries the State, as a rule, provides the large sums necessary for these purposes; in England the foundation of institutions of the kind depends mainly on private benevolence. How long this condition of non-intervention on the part of the Government is to last, is a question which is to-day keenly debated on every side. A member of the Cabinet may indeed call himself Minister of Health, but he is so at present more in name than in reality. Perhaps some day the English public will awaken to the wholesome belief that a Government ought rather to lead than to follow public opinion in these matters, and then, but not till then, can we hope to realise the dream of the sanitary reformer, and be able to assert that in all those things which pertain to the health of the people, England stands, as she ought to stand, in the van of civilised nations.

H. E. ROSCOE.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

THE great merit of Haussmann's schemes for the improvement of Paris was that he dealt with the great city as a whole; that he was equally concerned in opening up boulevards, widening streets, making open spaces, and laying out parks for the poorer parts of Paris as for its fashionable quarters. There cannot be a doubt that he added immensely to the amenities of life to the very poorest of the population, and brought to them not only pure air but a sense of the beautiful, of immense value. He was greatly assisted in this by his long tenure of office and his almost despotic powers. He presided himself over those improvements for seventeen years, and many which he initiated were not finally completed till many years later. The example he thus set was followed by many other large towns in France—by Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles; and also by other foreign cities, such as Vienna, Brussels, and Rome.

Is it impossible to hope that something of the same kind may be done for London, which, compared with the cities I have named, is lagging behind in improvements? When we think of the vast districts in the east, north, and south of London, where the lives of our labourers are passed from one year's end to the other, in the utter dulness and squalor of long lines of hideous streets, chaotically laid out, far from any open spaces where light and fresh air may be enjoyed, and the old and the young may bask or play in the sun, we cannot but think with envy of what has been done elsewhere.

Yet London, looked at as a whole, has great capabilities; it is not difficult to imagine it a very different place from what it is. Something has been done of late years to improve it. All the great commons within twelve miles of its centre, sixty in number, and, including Epping Forest, of 14,000 acres in extent, have been secured from enclosure at no expense to the ratepayers; numerous other open spaces, such as Parliament Hill of 240 acres, Clissold Park, Dulwich Park, Fawcett Park, and others, have been bought and opened to the public, at a cost of which one-half only, at most, has been raised by the public. Lord Meath's excellent society has also been the means of laying out as gardens numerous disused burial-grounds forgotten and hidden away in the more densely populated districts.

What is now chiefly to be desired is that broad boulevards should be opened through the dreary wastes of population, radiating thence to the country beyond London, and giving easy access to the more important open spaces, such as Epping Forest, Barnes, Hampstead, Wimbledon, and others. A glance at the present map of London will show how few broad streets there are leading direct to the country, and how difficult it is for anyone to find his way to

the principal open spaces without going by tortuous routes through narrow and ungainly streets.

There ought also to be at least two zones of boulevards completely encircling London—an inner one, of which the Marylebone Road might form a link, and an outer one at a greater distance. Such boulevards should be if possible of 120 feet in width, with one or two rows of trees on either side, and with broad footpaths, where there should be seats. Thus constructed, they would bring light and air within reach of the mass of the population, and would add a most beautiful feature to London.

My own attention has recently been called to this subject through being member of a committee which is considering the subject of Marylebone Road and Euston Road. The houses on either side of these continuous streets are a very wide distance apart, no less than 150 feet; every house, however, has a narrow strip of garden or court running down to the road for 50 feet; the actual road, therefore, is only 50 feet wide. These gardens or courts are of no great value or ornament to the houses; they are generally receptacles of dirt and dust. If the road and footway could be brought up to the houses, these could be greatly increased in value for business purposes. Under the Act constituting these roads, the owners of these houses cannot extend their buildings beyond their present alignment without the consent of the London Government. The Metropolitan Board, with reckless negligence of the public interest, gave its assent to the owners of these houses in some parts to bring the frontage of their lower storeys up to the road, and where this has been done it will be a costly affair to widen the road. But elsewhere, and for nearly one and a half miles, the old alignment remains, and there is the possibility of making a splendid broad boulevard by doing away with these narrow strips of gardens. It is believed that this can be done at no very great cost. It is proposed to suggest a scheme for effecting this purpose, and to lay it before the London Council.

This case, however, is only one of hundreds. There are, I believe, numerous other streets in London, especially in the suburbs, with similar rows of poky gardens which could be treated in the same way. What is desirable is, that London should be looked at as a whole, that some general idea should be formed as to what number of broad boulevards are required. Advantage should then be taken of any facilities which exist, such as I have referred to in Marylebone Road, for converting existing roads into boulevards. Where none such exist it may be a question whether it will not be better, in lieu of widening existing streets with valuable shops, where trade interests would enormously increase the cost of such a process, to consider if the purpose could not be effected by widening streets of a lower class, and purely residential, where property is comparatively of little value. I believe many opportunities could be found of doing this in the east and north of London.

In some respects London offers a better opportunity for such improvements than Paris; for, except in the business parts of the town and its wealthier quarters, the houses are much lower in height and much less valuable in proportion to the land they stand on, and they generally have back-yards where much space is wasted. By erecting loftier houses with shops on the ground floor fronting such boulevards, the space for the wider road might be found without any great loss. There can be no doubt that if one-third of the worst parts of London were burnt down, it would be possible to lay out the site for the same population in a far better manner, with amply wide streets and open spaces. The problem is, how to open out and improve the worst districts without the agency of fire and without undue cost to the ratepayers.

Having laid down a general scheme, it would be possible to carry it out gradually. London lends itself to any long-devised scheme of improvement, from the fact that so large a part of it is built under long leases. It would be possible to purchase the

interests of the ground landlords and to let the leases expire or diminish in value by lapse of time. In the interval the London Council would receive the ground-rents.

I believe it would be wise to give to the London Council wide powers of buying up freehold ground rents, with a view to future public improvements. The market value of a freeholder's reversion where a fifty years' lease exists is very little. Fifty years is a long time in the life of an individual, but a very short one in the life of a community. It would be far better that the great unearned increment arising at the end of a long building lease should go to the community than to individuals.

I will not now enter upon the question of "betterment," beyond saying that there was every reason to believe that a majority of the Committee of last year on the Strand Improvement would have approved the principle had the case been a strong one. Unfortunately the London Council fought the question on a very weak case.

In conclusion I may be permitted to say that it is time for the London Council to undertake something great so as to justify the hopes and expectations formed of it. It has doubtless done much to rectify the mistakes and bad administration of its predecessors, but it should recollect that the old Board did many great things which will be remembered long after their errors are forgotten. They carried out the system of main drainage; they constructed the Thames Embankment; they added several new parks and important open spaces; they opened out many new streets, such as Shaftesbury Avenue and others.

It is time the London Council made their mark by some great scheme of public utility and beauty, for the benefit specially of the workers who live all the year through, all their lives, in this murky metropolis. Such a scheme as I have suggested might be connected with one for erecting artizans' dwellings, fronting such boulevards on a large scale. If London can be considered and treated as a whole, and some great scheme of future improvements evolved, it is conceivable that large donations or legacies might be made towards it by its wealthier citizens, as has been done in the case of fortunate Geneva, which three times within recent years has received enormous bequests for public improvements.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

ARISTOTELES REDIVIVUS.

HARDLY any discovery could have been more important or more welcome to students of Hellenic antiquity than that which the *Times* was privileged to announce last Monday. The task of modern scholars is sometimes compared to that of the modern workers at the mines of Laurium, who extract valuable metal by careful treatment of what to all appearance had been already exhausted by the ancients. Still, some original Greek writings have been re-discovered in the last century and a quarter, apart from inscriptions—the charred papyrus rolls of Philodemus at Herculaneum, the orations of Hyperides, a long poem by Aleman; and even within the last month or two, fragments of Euripides, and perhaps of other authors, have been disengaged from the *débris* of mummy cases, and are now being slowly deciphered at Dublin. Yet the papyrus now on exhibition in the Manuscript Saloon of the British Museum is probably far more important than all of these put together. Except perhaps the works of certain early lyric poets, or of some of the Athenian dramatists contemporary with Euripides—the "Flower" of Agathon, for instance—no book could possibly have been discovered of equal importance with this first book of the *Constitutions* of Aristotle. Unlike the political philosophers of the last century, Aristotle based his theories on his collection of constitutional facts; and, unlike some scientific jurists at the present day, he studied

all available evidence before he began. True, sceptical critics like the late Professor Valentine Rose of Berlin have assigned this collection of constitutions either to pupils of his disciple Theophrastus, or even to forgers, working to gratify the revived interest in Aristotelian literature during the first century B.C. But the voice of antiquity ascribes the book to Aristotle. Plutarch, Julius Pollux, Harpocration and other lexicographers, drew upon it largely; and it is to their citations, and to Aristotle's own generalisations in his *Politics*, that we owe practically all our knowledge of the Athenian constitution—at least, in its statical aspect. Most of the eighty-six fragments already known occur in this copy—including two hitherto only attributed to Aristotle by conjecture—and the absence of the rest is fully accounted for by its mutilation at the beginning.

Until the text and facsimiles are published—the first, we believe, will appear within a fortnight—the Museum authorities are naturally reticent. Indeed, the exact history of the acquisition will (if possible) remain a secret. Otherwise not only would any future finds in that quarter be considerably raised in price, but the Egyptian Government would probably take effectual means to keep them at home. Besides, the peasants who have previously found papyri, when they have suspected their value, have frequently cut them up and sold the pieces to different persons, thus effectually scattering them all over Europe. But it seems certain that this MS., like those of Hyperides and Aleman, was found by an Egyptian peasant in an earthen jar in a tomb (a common receptacle in ancient Egypt for family papers, or for favourite books of the deceased); that neither seller nor buyer had, or professed to have, any notion of its nature or value; and that, save a word here and there, it is absolutely illegible by anyone except an expert in the cursive Greek hand of the first century A.D.—a class which in England and Egypt probably numbers less than a dozen members. Forgery of papyri, too, has hitherto, we believe, been unknown, and is probably impossible. Thus, despite alleged differences in style, and at least one grave chronological difficulty in the narrative, we may be tolerably confident that we have before us the first part of the actual work known to the ancients as Aristotle's "*Constitutions*"—written, seemingly in four different hands, on the backs of twenty-one pages of papyrus, glued together at the edges so as to make one continuous roll, while their obverse has previously done duty in the account-books of a farm-bailiff. The use of this waste paper seems strange. Parchment, of course, was commonly cleaned and used afresh, and consequently (*e.g.*) the Commentaries of Gaius, and Cicero's "*De Republica*," have been preserved to us as palimpsests—but surely papyrus was usually abundant. Still, it seems to have been expensive; the demand was enormous; the supply (according to Pliny) once ran short in the reign of Tiberius, necessitating control by the Roman Senate; and perhaps this scarcity occurred again. "Paper-sparing Pope" wrote his translation of the *Iliad* on the backs of old letters; and private persons in ancient times seem commonly to have had MSS. copied by their own servants for their own use. The "*Herculanean Rolls*" now mostly at Naples are said to afford instances of this practice. We may thus explain why the MS. is written in several hands, some of which also appear in the accounts on the reverse side—and perhaps also understand its illegibility. The cursive hand, the product of the use of papyrus, steadily grew more rapid and less legible; and the writing of the works of Philodemus, to judge by the facsimiles published, is legibility itself compared with that of the ten or twelve earlier columns of this MS.

The rather scanty summary published in the *Times* indicates how very interesting the book will be. We ought to learn much about the land question in early Attica, and see whether—as one of Sir Henry Maine's works certainly suggests—there was

an analogy between the position of the rack-rented Attic peasants before Solon and that of the "fuidhir tenants" of early Ireland; we shall have a new light on the code of Draco; we shall learn that the apparent temporary failure of Solon's constitution was due to the fact that it was not actually adopted till after the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ; we shall have a detailed history of Athenian democracy from Pericles to the Restoration; we shall know whether (as certain German writers have conjectured) the Athenians really had party government, and whether the Strategi are to be regarded as an Executive Council with a regular President; and we shall have to re-write the chronology of the rise of the Athenian Empire. For the ordinary accounts, drawn from Thucydides and Plutarch, have dated the first stage in the Athenian supremacy from the discovery of Pausanias' treasonable practices in 471 B.C., and have represented that compromising evidence was then discovered which caused Themistocles' flight to Persia. This book represents Themistocles as active in Athenian politics at the time of Ephialtes' reforms, usually dated some eight years later than Pausanias' death—and intriguing, too, with even more than his wonted cunning and duplicity to avoid standing his trial on a charge of treasonable correspondence with Persia. Now, though the chronology of all the period is very uncertain, Pausanias' death and Ephialtes' reforms seem to be fixed several years apart by numerous well-known contemporary incidents. It is as if Smith O'Brien or John Mitchel were to be represented as active in carrying the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868. Yet Aristotle was among the most accurate of the Greeks in history, as in science.

We have said enough to indicate the transcendent importance of the work, and the difficulties it may raise. Whether it will produce a fourth great historian of Greece in England is an interesting speculation upon which we cannot here enter. We may at any rate rejoice that England has had the honour of the find, and a young Oxford man—Mr. F. G. Kenyon—the task of interpretation. The cause of true Hellenism (zeal for which induces so many people—mistakenly, as we think—to demand the retention of the wretched pretence known as "compulsory Greek") could hardly have received a more effectual or more welcome stimulus. We hope on a future occasion to have an opportunity of dealing with the contents of the work.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

MR. BANCROFT'S life and his vast work vindicate one American at least against the reproach of want of thoroughness in intellectual labour. He was thorough to heaviness. His whole life of ninety-one years was really devoted to one thing, though it seemed to be devoted to many. He had made up his mind to write the history of the United States, but he was so long in laying his foundations that many people began to despair of the superstructure. When all was done, he in a manner began to work anew with a view to revision, so he was an old man in a hurry to the last. His eighth, and not his final, volume appeared when he was sixty years of age, and this finished only with the outbreak of the Revolution. Most of the earlier part was "Injuns"; for his learned interest in them Mr. Bancroft might have been historiographer to Sitting Bull. He was slow to a fault.

He selected his facts from every available source, and copied them into day-books, of which there was one for each year, with several capacious pages for every day. Then came the dictation of a text, which, after revision and correction, was copied out as a first draft. It was often revised seven times more before it reached the printer. He had five hundred volumes of bound documents, many of them the spoil of the archives of England, France,

Austria, Holland, Russia, and Spain. His working library was twelve thousand strong. The upper storey of his house in Washington was all lined with books. This thoroughness was in part due to German influence: he went to Göttingen as a young man to prepare for the professorship at Harvard. There, or afterwards at Berlin, he heard Heeren, and saw all the best people of every sort, with William von Humboldt, Wolf, and Voss. His memories were almost antediluvian; his first meeting with Goethe took place four years after the Battle of Waterloo. The great man was kind and condescending, but he was more stately in a second interview, perhaps because he was more carefully dressed. Byron was, of course, among Bancroft's acquaintance. They met at Leghorn, where the poet went on board the flagship of the American squadron, and was received with an effusiveness which amounted to official indiscretion. One captain manned his yards and fired a salute, but the commodore put a stop to that. The great poet subsequently presented the young American to the Countess Guiccioli, and told him confidentially that the lady thought "Don Juan" was written in a too scoffing tone. Bancroft came away with a presentation copy of the work. He ran through a good part of Europe on this first visit, and, like a true American, showed his thoroughness in making haste. In Italy he rose at dawn, had his breakfast by candle-light, hurried forth to do churches, galleries, and ruins, swallowed a few cakes or a little fruit for luncheon, and then rushed home to read "all art, history, and the masterpieces of Italian letters" till the small hours of the morning.

He had resolved to write, and to write history, but in the meantime he had to live. He began to live as a schoolmaster, first taking the Greek professorship at Harvard, and then starting a middle-class school of the German pattern on his own account. This, however, proved slow work, and he went into politics on the Democratic side. His knowledge and energy made him a valuable ally; and President van Buren gave him the Collectorship of Customs at Boston, one of the most lucrative posts in the country. There was no resisting such inducements as these, though Bancroft had resisted them for a while at the earnest entreaty of his first wife, who had a horror of political life. As Collector he had the honour of giving Hawthorne a good post, and Hawthorne justified his choice by a most careful attendance to his duties. Bancroft afterwards became Secretary of the Navy, and founded the famous Navy School at Annapolis as a pendant to the Academy at West Point. He contrived to start the school out of the official savings of his department, so that, by the time the matter came before Congress, there was no room for a debate on fundamentals. All that was required was a vote for maintenance and improvements. He did good service in securing Texas and California to the Union. All this time he had kept his eye on the History as his main object, and when subsequently he went to England as American Minister he ransacked our archives with the utmost care. Everybody was kind to him; Lord Lansdowne gave him free access to the Shelburne papers; he knew Peel and Palmerston, Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. He had his cover at the weekly breakfasts of Hallam, Macaulay, and Lord Mahon at Milman's house. By this time he had really more material than almost any History could carry; and when he went back to write in earnest his great difficulty must have been to reject. The big book came out piecemeal; but it had a certain unity of conception in his idea that the history of America was the history of a new force in human affairs. It was the history of politics by universal consent—not politics from above downwards—from nobles and ministers and priests to peoples—but from below upwards—from the people to these as its instruments.

Many years elapsed before President Andrew

Johnson sent him as Minister to the North German Confederation, and by that time his work was practically done. He was in Germany from 1868 to 1874, so he saw the great war against France from the standpoint of Berlin. He necessarily saw it with some sympathy for Germany, due in the main to his early associations with German life and culture, though the French, in their wrath, assigned it to a meaner cause. He knew Bismarck well enough to join him in his daily rides in the Thiergarten, and to pay him long visits at Varzin. He was the friend of Moltke; and Helmholtz and Mommsen were of his familiar circle. During the war he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to Göttingen, and Count Bismarck found time to write him a letter of congratulation in the very crisis of the struggle. His letter of acknowledgment, dated from Berlin at a time when the French were in desperate straits, was much misinterpreted in France. There were certainly one or two expressions in it which on a more mature consideration he might have been content to omit. It was all very well to say that the war on the German side was one conducted in the second youth of aged men; but he might have forbore to call it a war of defence. That it was so is not exactly to the point: Bancroft was American Minister, and France was a Republic—at least in name. He had some success in settling the vexed question of the renunciation of German rights over German subjects who had taken up their citizenship in the United States. He returned to Washington to take a prominent position in social life, and to pass a dignified old age in letters and dinner-parties. He was a favourite guest at the White House, and a favourite subject with the papers for sketches of celebrities at home. His book is more a great document than a great history. As a document it will always be valuable, for he lived very near to the events which went to the making of his nation, and so described most of them at first hand.

A NEW PERIL.

A SERIOUS danger, hitherto unthought of, suddenly threatens some of the most important of those great colleges in which our middle classes are acquiring a knowledge of science, as well as rising a step higher on the ladder which leads from the elementary school to the University. In these institutions delicate scientific instruments are used every hour of the day in the course of instruction in physical science. In order to use these instruments aright, it is of course absolutely necessary that the buildings in which they are kept should be free from disturbance. Even the ordinary traffic of the street has to be guarded against with care; and elaborate precautions are taken to secure steady supports for the apparatus. But great as the difficulties which have beset those who have sought for sites for technical schools and colleges of science have hitherto been, they have suddenly been increased tenfold by the introduction of electricity as a motive power for trains. The electrical railway which is already at work in South London is a most useful institution. Far be it from us to wish to deny the practical benefits it confers upon a large population. But the fact remains that for many yards on each side of the tunnel through which the trains pass, the ordinary operations of a course of instruction in electricity and magnetism could not be carried on. The difficulty is by its very nature such that it is almost impossible to persuade the average citizen of its reality. He drives and walks along the Kennington Park Road, and can detect no evidence of the passage of the electric trains. He sees nothing, for they are sixty feet beneath his feet. He hears nothing of the dull roar which throbs through the tunnel below. He feels no tremor greater than those to which the ordinary traffic has accustomed him. But though all his

senses fail to detect it, the air is nevertheless full of an influence to which it was a stranger but a few weeks ago. The ground is alive with electric currents, and twice in every five minutes, as the trains pass in opposite directions, the powerful magnets which are essential parts of the electric motors are hurried by.

To the influence which radiates from these the soil is as transparent as the clearest glass to light. It can no more be detected by our senses than a telegraph message can be read by applying the ear to the wire which conveys it. But just as the minute currents of the telegraph are eloquent to the delicate instruments prepared to receive them, so the relatively vast magnetic forces produced by the South London Electrical Railway would disturb the ordinary apparatus used in the instruction of a class in physics. For, let it be once for all understood, the difficulties we are discussing will not beset only the investigator who is questioning Nature by apparatus of hitherto undreamt-of delicacy. They will not encumber only the paths of a few exceptional students, who are burning to enlist in the ranks of research. Comparatively rough apparatus—which can be constructed for a few shillings, and such as is now in the hands of teachers in Mechanics' Institutes and Polytechnics—will be affected. *A fortiori*, a moderately advanced course in experimental physics could not be given in the neighbourhood of an electric railway such as that at present running in South London.

How, then, is the difficulty to be met? How are similar difficulties met in the case of interference with private rights? If the promoters of a railway want to dig through your garden, to block your lights, to make it impossible for your business to be carried on as heretofore, they may be empowered to do all these things, but they must pay for the damage. An electric railway which bores under a physical laboratory interferes with an established enterprise. The mischief is none the less real because the agent is invisible and impalpable. To the owner of a private laboratory the magnetic tornadoes might bring ruin as surely as flood or fire. His right to compensation would surely be indisputable. Nor could it be refused to the promoters of institutions the main object of which is not private gain but the public good. The damage will not be trifling. In many cases it will be impossible to make it good without heavy expenditure. It is not our business to estimate what all this may cost. If the damage is done it must be paid for. There is little doubt but that in the provinces this rule would be unflinchingly applied. Manchester knows too well what it owes to the Owens College to allow it to be seriously injured by a technical application of the sciences it has fostered. Yorkshire and the Clothworkers' Company must by this time have spent £50,000 on the buildings of the Yorkshire College. Professor Lodge is writing about ideal physical laboratories, and it is probable that before long Liverpool will bid him do his best.

Nothing but an overwhelming public necessity should be allowed to interfere with these institutions on which private funds have been lavishly spent for the public good. If their claims are ignored the possibility of offering a good scientific education to the sons of middle-class and working men is endangered. We already recognise that science has rights. Its importance to navigators has enabled the authorities of the Greenwich Observatory to keep railways at a respectful distance; but the question is a new one as regards buildings devoted to education. The Universities may be trusted to defend the Clarendon and the Cavendish Laboratories. The public schools are for the most part in situations where there is no great reason to fear disturbance. The rich man's son can thus learn to handle ordinary galvanometers and magnetometers at college or at school: but if our great provincial colleges are interfered with, it will be difficult to obtain

the same knowledge in the centres of industry, and it is obvious that the less wealthy members of the community will suffer most from this disadvantage. There is, however, little fear that these considerations will be overlooked in the provinces, and it is therefore to be regretted that the difficulty has first arisen with regard to institutions in London, where the sense of corporate life is dulled. A proposal has been made to run a subway between South Kensington and Praed Street, and powers to propel the trains by electricity are asked for. The course marked out for the line runs under one of the physical laboratories of the Royal College of Science, and is separated by the breadth of the road only from the others. It is also to pass within a few yards of the City and Guilds Central Institute for Technical Education. That the line might be in some respects convenient is quite possible; that if the powers to employ electricity are granted and used as at Stockwell, existing physical laboratories will be rendered useless, is certain. The South London line is surrounded by an iron tube which acts as a "magnetic screen" and serves to diminish its magnetic effects on external objects. No such precaution is, as far as we are aware, to be adopted at Kensington, and in this respect, at all events, the proposed line is likely to be the more injurious of the two. To the laboratories of the Royal College of Science teachers are brought by Government funds from all parts of the country. Every summer two hundred come from far and near to hear lectures and to go through a course of laboratory work. We believe that one of the main objects of the college is to raise the standard of knowledge among those on whom many a small town has to depend for scientific instruction. It is improbable that the laboratories could be removed from South Kensington, for their connection with the great collection of scientific apparatus in the Museums is essential. The City and Guilds Central Institute has been built at a cost of £100,000. After some years of contest with our English lethargy it has reached success. The electrical department is full. Is it reasonable that a commercial company should be allowed to acquire powers to ruin the physical laboratories of two such institutions by the employment of electric traction?

A question of principle is for the first time raised which may seriously affect the efforts which are being made to prevent the higher education being merely a luxury for the few, and to bring it within reach of the many by bringing it to their doors. To injure the work of an established physical laboratory is to interfere with an industry which is none the less worthy of protection if it is being carried on for the public benefit. To the owners of such a laboratory an electric railway may be more than a mere nuisance, such as would be caused by noxious smells; it may make it physically impossible to carry on a course of electrical instruction under practicable conditions. If in any given case it is decided that in spite of these considerations the public welfare demands that the railway shall be constructed, the public welfare also demands that the gifts of educationists shall not be confiscated, and their efforts thwarted by a refusal to grant full compensation for the damage done.

HOME PETS.

X.—FIRES.

FIRES, like ghosts and eggs, have to be laid. They resemble cats in their dissipated habit of going out late at night. They have, in short, the most varied and complex character of any of my Home Pets. In some respects they are ludicrously irrational. In really hot weather the only room in the house in which they seem to care about sitting is the hottest of all, the kitchen. You cannot laugh them out of this absurd habit. In the cold weather

they may be put in any room where there is a cage for them. I have got a fire which never seems to be happy unless it is sitting immediately in front of me; it does not say much, but it just looks at me through the bars of its cage, pensively and dreamily as if it could see pictures in me. One must be prepared for a certain display of temper in these eccentric little creatures. On the most bitterly cold days they will monopolise nearly the whole of the front of the hearthrug; and, as long as they are warm, they seem to care nothing about anybody else. Sometimes they get so fierce that it is really not pleasant to go near them. At other times they just sit and mope. These defects are often due to errors of diet. Before you get angry with your fire, ask yourself, in common fairness, whether you have been starving the poor beast, or overfeeding it, or feeding it on the wrong things. The other day I came into my room and looked round for my fire. There it was, huddled up in one corner of the cage, looking as black as possible, and sulkily sucking the poker. I whistled to it cheerfully, but it took no notice. Then I drew the poker out of its mouth, quite gently, dug it in the ribs once or twice, and threw it a couple of lumps of sugar as a treat. It gave a slight cough, and began to stretch itself. In order to interest it, I held up a large prospectus of a new mining company close to it—fires are very short-sighted. It soon brightened up, and chuckled audibly; finally it thrust out a claw through the bars, caught hold of the prospectus, and ate the whole thing up. Well, I only wanted it to be happy, and I forgave its greediness.

Perhaps a few words on this question of diet may not be amiss. Of course, everyone knows that the staple diet of fires is coal. They must be coaled if you want them to be hot—one of those paradoxical truths that have a wonderful yet half-dreary interest for those who, like myself, are constantly engaged in a study of the more serious problems of existence. But the diet should be varied. A few sticks may be given to your fires in the early morning, when there is no one about: the noise which they make in crunching them is rather vulgar and unpleasant to hear, and they cannot be taught to eat them noiselessly. Fires are particularly fond of paper; but too much of it is not good for them, and makes them dull and depressed. I can remember one day—a day when the sunlight seemed to have gone out of my young life, and I had returned her letters and she had returned mine—that I gave my fire two pounds of prime notepaper cut rather thick. The beast flew at it and licked up four or five sonnets with avidity; then it looked unhappy, and seemed to want to put the rest back. I can never forgive myself for it, but I made it go on eating, and it finished all but one short postscript. Then the poor, faithful, obedient creature gave a pathetic look at me, and lay down and died. It may have been my guilty conscience, but I hardly liked to stop in the room where the body of the dead fire was lying; it gave me an uncanny sensation of coldness. If your fire gets low-spirited, it means that it wants some sugar; but do not feed it entirely on sugar, because it makes one's housemaids so sticky.

Do not wash your fires as you would wash any other pets, with soap and water. It is not good for them. I spilt a kettleful of water over my fire the other day, and it did not like it at all; it was quite put out about it. You should groom them gently with a brush that is sold for the purpose. This makes their coats bright and glossy. If you find that a display of temper on the part of a fire comes not from wrong diet but from innate viciousness, you must be very firm with it, and at the same time you must not lose control over yourself. Treat it just as you would treat your wife or your mother under similar circumstances. Kick it, and beat it over the head with the poker.

I shrink naturally from telling any anecdotes about the intelligence of my pets, because I have a sensitive temperament and cannot bear to be

doubted. But the following story was told me by a man who, I am sure, would sooner die than misrepresent a fact or lead anyone to believe the thing which is not. He was, in fact, a political journalist. Besides, the anecdote in question seems to me to contain strong internal evidence of its truth.

"I had often noticed," my friend told me, "that when I had settled myself for the evening in my easy-chair with my meerschaum, my fire, like yours, had taken up its position immediately in front of me. It always looked at me long and curiously, as though it were imagining landscapes in my waistcoat or building castles in my hair, as the poets say. Little did I imagine, then, that it had its eye on my meerschaum. One evening, however, I happened to go out, leaving a box of cigars behind me, open on the table. When I came back again, about an hour afterwards, *my fire was smoking*. It is some consolation to me now—some small consolation—to think that all that *could* be done *was* done. In my agony I stirred it up with the best poker, the poker that was so ugly and costly that I generally used it only as an ornament. I argued with it. I showed it that smoking must stunt its expenses and increase its growth. But nothing that I could do—nothing that anyone could do—could break it of the vile and detestable habit which it had formed. It was no kindness to ourselves to allow it to go on smoking any longer. It had to be killed. One of the housemaids did it—I couldn't. And now that fire's dead—dead—dead!"

At this point, my friend who is, like all journalists, of a gentle and tender-hearted nature, completely broke down. "Ah!" he sobbed, "it was my own filthy example that did it, and that's what's breaking my heart. I've used my last match. You might give me a light from yours."

Reader, need I point out what the moral of this story is? Think it over for yourself. Go quietly to your own room, and think it over.

HOW MINISTERS LOVE THEIR WIVES.

THE past few months have given me and my seven fellow-members of committee the reason why no lady will look at a lawyer, a banker, or a doctor, so long as she has a chance of the minister. The reason is a sound one, for it is this: The love ministers bear their wives is beyond the capacity of lawyers, bankers, and doctors. How the quicker sex found this out long ago I cannot tell, but here is how it has been revealed to eight Scotsmen.

We eight are a committee elected to help the congregation in the choice of a new minister. Had we been a small church we should have invited probationers to preach for the charge, and elected the one we preferred. Had we been a great city church we should have asked some well-known preacher to leave his church and come to ours. Being neither small nor great, however, we would not have a probationer, and no eminent minister would have us. The committee's part, therefore, was to hear the "placed" ministers of smaller churches than our own, and recommend to the congregation the man we liked best. As it is not considered decorous for placed ministers to preach for a vacancy, we had to go to hear them in their own churches, and they had to pretend that they did not know why we were there. Nevertheless, they were entitled to submit their qualifications to us privately by letter, and no less than forty-three "stood" for the vacancy in this way. It was their letters that told us how ministers love their wives.

In the opinion of the cynical—happily unrepresented on our committee—ministers want to change from one church to another for one, or all, of three reasons. (1) The stipend (*i.e.*, the salary) offered by the vacant church may be larger. (2) The minister may not be getting on very well in his present charge, and so may want a change. (3) He must not preach any

sermon more than once in the same church. A change, however, would allow him to preach all his old sermons over again. Though the ministers who recommended themselves to our consideration had advanced these reasons, I cannot see what right the cynical would have had to make merry.

The stipends of many ministers are so small as not only to make living difficult, but to hamper one's sphere of usefulness. The minister may be getting on badly with his congregation through their fault, and may see that a change would give them as well as himself an opportunity of doing better in future. Then, again, it is a great strain on a minister—unless he is an easy-going man—to produce two new sermons a week. He cannot always be fresh: with so much to write he can neither study as is desirable, nor visit where his visiting might do more good than preaching. However, I need not dwell on these matters. What we discovered was that the forty-three wanted to come to us, not because the stipend we offered was larger than they had hitherto enjoyed—though it happened to be so—nor for either of the other reasons, but because they were so devoted to their wives.

Ministers' wives, I regret to say, are in a poor state of health. Of our forty-three applicants no less than twenty-eight wanted a change entirely because their wives are delicate. Blank, as I may call our town, is not famous as a health resort, but we could now advertise it as such by publishing the letters of these twenty-eight ministers. Unfortunately, the letters are all marked "private and confidential." Blank, say the twenty-eight, is just the place to restore their wives to that physical strength which is among the greatest of earthly blessings. "For my own part," the majority write, "I am very happy where I am, I love my people, and to part from them would be a terrible grief to me. It happens, however, that my wife—" There it is. Nothing would make them leave the charge to which they are so attached if they had only themselves to consider, but their wife's health is all important. "My wife," writes one, "has always been accustomed to living in a town, and this country place tries her sore, the winters are so severe. In her noble determination to aid me in my work she has several times caught a chill that has given me much anxiety. Now Blank is the kind of town which, I learn from her medical attendant, would just suit her, and in these circumstances I must put aside the selfish considerations which would otherwise keep me here." "I may say," writes another, "without fear of contradiction, that my five years in this charge has added thirty per cent. to the membership. To leave a church with which I have so identified myself would, therefore, be a great blow to me. Nevertheless, should you think fit to give me a 'call,' I am prepared to make the sacrifice, for the sake of my wife. As you are aware, this is a city charge. Mrs. K— was brought up in the country, and I can see that the turmoil of cities does not suit her. She is too perfect a minister's wife to complain; but she is thinner than I care to see her, and I know that in her heart she pines for the more wholesome air of the country. Blank is such a country town as would, I am sure, bring the bloom back to her face, and, therefore—"

These are specimens of twenty-eight of our applications. The other fifteen ministers want to bring their wives to Blank for various reasons. One applicant is not yet married, but the day is fixed and so he calls her his wife. "Since I came to this charge," he says, "I have received nothing but kindness, and though the work is hard I rejoice in it for that reason. The more I have to do, the happier I am. I am, however, curiously placed. Since I became engaged to a lady who will make, I feel sure, a model wife for a minister, it has been shown to me that her capacity for usefulness would be much enlarged if she began her new life in a place that is also new to me. We could then make new friends together. She is entirely

unacquainted with this parish, and I feel, naturally, that it would be awkward if she did not take to the persons here, who have for long been my associates. Despite my reluctance, therefore, to leave a spot so dear to me, I cannot hesitate, for her sake——" Another bachelor on the eve of matrimony cannot untie the strings of affection that bind him to his present charge without lacerating his heart. "The lady whom I am about to marry, however, is a native of this place, and obviously it would be better for her to begin the new life with new surroundings. My congregation—I speak in all humility—would be in distress as great as my own if they thought that duty—and nothing else would move me—called me from them. One must cling to his wife, nevertheless, and so ——" A minister who has been married for a year sends us a very private communication. His wife's relatives live in the small town where his charge is, and this he considers a mistake. Naturally his wife spends much time with her relatives, but though they are respectable people they are not perhaps all that her husband should like to see them. They are, indeed, in trade. Plainly, he has no right to keep his wife from them, and as plainly it would only lead to unpleasantness if he asked them to go away. In Blank she would be free of this encumbrance, and, therefore, he is prepared to trample on his own inclinations so that she —— No less than three other ministers, however, want to come to Blank because their wives have relations here. "I cannot but acknowledge," writes one, "that it would be a great pleasure to my wife to reside in the same town with her cousins, and, accordingly, painful as it would be to me to leave my present charge, I could for her sake ——" "My wife's widowed mother lives in Blank," says a second, "and to part mother and daughter is no part of the duty of a Christian man." A third minister would come to Blank because his wife wants to comfort the declining years of her uncle.

I think I have proved my case. Yet lest it be said that my picture is too bright, I may add this: The stipend we offer is £300 a year, and all our applicants have at present less than that. So we have an uneasy feeling that the bigger-salaried ministers only love their wives in reason.

THE DRAMA.

THE mediæval hope that the old pagan gods are not dead but still survive, the "hillside men" of some Venusberg, or inhabiting the island of Heine's fancy, still lingers among us moderns, not as folklore, but in novels and plays. In vain have we "got religion," the Ten Commandments, conviction of sin, and chimney-pot hats; we yearn for the Athens of Pericles, the Greek cult of beauty, the Greek Joy of Living, *rêvant*, as M. Paul Verlaine sings, "*du divin Platon, et de Phidias, . . . sous l'œil clignotant des bleus becs de gaz*"—in Piccadilly. So we call ourselves Neo-Hellenists, and go up and down buying first editions of Mr. Pater. But this kind cometh not but with prayer and fasting, the reading of many books (and the first editions are expensive), together with a good deal of Mr. Richard Swiveller's "make-believe." Even then our modern Julians fail; the Galilean has conquered. But where we, with all our striving, fail, Nature sometimes succeeds. Now and again (if we are to believe the novelists and dramatists) a woman—it is generally a woman, the Eternal Feminine having the best of the luck, as usual—reincarnates for us the pure Pagan type. She is a creature of surpassing beauty, a tinted Venus, as Mr. Anstey would say, and she has no conscience, no moral sense—that is, she is not immoral, but non-moral. Whether her birth squares with the law of heredity or not is quite a toss-up. Becky Sharp's did, for Becky was the daughter of a drunken artist and a French ballerina. Regina Engstrand, too, took after her

mother. But sometimes what the biologists call "sports" occur: Nature reverts to the ancient type capriciously, and grows figs from thistles. That is the case with Drusilla Ives, the latest feminine reincarnation of Paganism, and the heroine of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, *The Dancing Girl*.

This tinted Venus is a harmony in white and grey. I mean that Drusilla is the daughter of a Quaker family, who inhabit the Cornish island of St. Endellion, an island peopled entirely by Quakers—Quakers tempered by harmoniums. A matter-of-fact person has written to the newspapers this week to protest against the harmoniums. Whether they exist, or the Quakers, or St. Endellion itself, I leave it to my esteemed colleague "Q" (startling reflection: can "Q" be short for "Quaker"?) to say. They exist, at any rate, on the Haymarket stage, though the harmoniums are mercifully left unplayed. Here we find the Neo-Pagan Quakeress, demurely clad, "thee"-ing and "thou"-ing her kinsfolk, and, the moment their backs are turned, taking off her slipper to show her shapely foot to one man, or practising a "shadow-dance" for the delectation of another.

The fact is, they do not know everything down in St. Endellion. They do not know, for instance, that the "Christian" situation in which their Drusilla is supposed to have been serving up in London has been really of a "Corybantic" nature, that she has fascinated "smart" society in the character of Diana Valrose, "the dancing girl," and become the paramour of his Scapegrace the Duke of Guisebury. The duke is a neo-Pagan like his mistress—a Pagan, however, who has dipped into the Upanishads and is troubled, as his mistress is not, with obstinate questionings of invisible things. His philosophic bias, by the way, has not prevented him from wasting his substance in riotous living, or the *Trafalgar Square Gazette* from declaring that "the spectacle of his career has shortened the future of the House of Lords by twenty years." It is for his enjoyment (he is landlord of St. Endellion and on a visit to the island) that the "shadow-dance" is rehearsed; and the dismay of a St. Endellionite, interrupting the little performance with a thundering "Woman, what art thou?" provides what stage-managers call a "good curtain" for the first act.

In the second, the dramatist's conception of the character of Drusilla is more fully developed. The modest Quaker garb has now been thrown off; she has exchanged the fig-leaf for the strawberry-leaf, or, to vary the metaphor, the lilies and languor of St. Endellion for the roses and rapture of a ducal villa at Richmond. But already the roses are crumpled. The duke is ruined by the extravagance of his mistress, who, a true devotee of the Joy of Living, is beginning to find an impecunious lover a bore. In desperation he offers her his coronet, which she coldly refuses. Then merely by way of pastime she exercises her fascinations upon a Quaker sweetheart, until he takes his courage in both hands and flees.

Throughout, the woman's character is consistently and firmly drawn: she is heartless, unconsciously cruel, fated to be a noxious thing to every man within her spell, what M. Dumas *filis* used to call *la bête*. It is a novel type on an English stage, and the dramatist has depicted it with consummate skill. I do not think he has been so successful with his duke. This duke philosophises too much. The shibboleth of pessimism comes too glibly off his tongue (he even confides Schopenhauerisms to the crop-ears of his bull-dog), he patters too freely about "Nirvana," is altogether too pedantic to carry conviction. As a reader of the *Nineteenth Century*, I know that some dukes are pedants, but I do not associate them with dancing-girls. I associate this one, rather—may Mr. Jones forgive me!—with the pages of Ouida. His bull-dog is Ouidesque: his headlong extravagance is Ouidesque:

his pseudo-philosophy is Ouidaesque: he has even rescued a lady from under the hoofs of runaway horses—which is right Ouidaesque.

It is in the third act that this rescued lady shows us the real reason why she was snatched from an untimely death. The dramatist wanted her for the crisis of his play. We have had glimpses of her in the first two acts, through which she has flitted, a little cripple, half-sad, half-merry, acting as fairy godmother to the duke's tenantry, and as a sort of outspoken Miss-Mowcher-like monitress to the duke himself. When such an apparently superfluous character as this appears in the earlier stages of a play, the experienced playgoer at once knows what to expect. He says to himself: "You are useless now, therefore your turn will come by-and-by; it's no use deceiving me—I know you—your real name is *Dénouement*." And so it is here.

The duke (his allusions to "Nirvana" in the preceding act were too significant to be missed) has determined to die, and, like Sardanapalus, he will die amid a general conflagration—that is, at the close of a magnificent entertainment, where all "smart" society shall be gathered together to applaud the "dancing girl," and to admire the strange arras made specially for the occasion out of "the funeral trappings of the Emperor of China" (Ouida again!—or is it Victor Hugo?). The evolutions of the fashionable crowd in this scene are a marvel of stage-management; the Meiningers could not have manoeuvred better. In the height of the festivity, Drusilla's father appears, tears the finery off the girl's back, and "smart" society, scandalised, rushes out pell-mell, leaving the duke to turn down the gas and take his plunge into Nirvana alone. Then comes the turn of the rescued lady, Miss *Dénouement*, who steals up to the duke and snatches the poison-phial from his hand as the curtain descends. The scene passes in dead silence, and is one of those triumphs of theatrical effect which reveal the born dramatist.

Up to this point the play has never once lost its grip of the audience, and if only it could end here (why not, Mr. Jones? Why not take a hint from the third act of *Ghosts*?) all would be well. But there is, unfortunately, a fourth act—a fourth act as weak as the preceding three are strong. We are back in St. Endellion, among the Quakers and harmoniums. Drusilla is dead. The duke is reformed, and (cruel penance for a Schopenhauerite and Anglo-Buddhist) lets Miss *Dénouement*, whom he is on the point of marrying, quote Herbert Spencer to him by the yard. After marriage no doubt she will read him whole chapters from "In Darkest England." But before that dire consummation is reached, the curtain, luckily, descends. It is said that the fourth act has been greatly modified since the first night, but I confess to a strong doubt whether any tinkering could save it from being an anti-climax.

In any case, however, it is pleasant to come across a play like *The Dancing Girl*, three acts of which are as fresh, thoughtful, and stimulating as anything the modern English stage can show. And the Haymarket company do ample justice to it; my only regret is that I have not space here to do justice to them. When (as Maxime Du Camp tells us) a well-known French critic's pen was boggling over the adjectives, his friends used to say to him: "Come, let fly the 'admirable'!" Admirable, then, is Mr. Tree's study of the Ouidaesque duke; admirable, altogether admirable, Miss Julia Neilson's picture of the Neo-Pagan "dancing girl." Mr. Fred. Kerr gives one of his delightful sketches of modern fatuity, Miss Rose Norreys is a charming Miss *Dénouement*, Miss Rosa Leclercq amusing as a cynical countess, and the Quaker people are capably played by Miss Blanche Horlock, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Fernandez. A final word of praise must be found for the duke's bull-dog, a docile beast of considerable histrionic endowment.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

It is improbable, it seems to be thought, that Oxford, at any rate, will do anything to meet the Headmaster of Harrow and the other assailants of Greek. No Headmaster, it has been noticed, promised that if the two plays of EURIPIDES disappeared from "Smalls"—PROFESSOR FREEMAN never hears the word—more boys would matriculate. Failing such a promise, it is contended that the grievance amounts only to this—that science scholars have to learn the two plays of EURIPIDES, and so lose some hours which they might otherwise give to Chemistry. But as to science scholars, there is a belief which grows rather than decays, that those are ultimately the best students of science who began it latest at school.

AFTER "Smalls," it is urged, candidates for Honours have no obligatory Greek before them except that of two Gospels, for the two Preliminary Examinations—in Law (with English History) and Natural Science—are in their case equivalent to the Classical part of Moderations. The Law Preliminary (which may precede any Final Honour School) has smoothed the path to a degree of a few undergraduates who dislike Greek more than Justinian or Stubbs. But it has not proved to be very popular, nor has it evoked much good work, whereas the Classical Honour School in Moderations has largely increased its class list in recent years. There is, therefore, some doubt whether the "modern education" of the big public schools is as yet sufficiently advanced to demand more recognition by the University. The Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board's certificate can be obtained without Greek or Latin, but the fashionable schools do not seem to offer the non-classical subjects except in conjunction with Latin and Greek.

THE week has been somewhat prolific in verse. "The Repentance of Magdalene Despar" (SAMPSON LOW) is a compact volume containing a variety of subjects and measures. The author, G. ESSEX EVANS, is a new writer. His standpoint is intensely human, and vigour and originality are the characteristics of his verse. MR. CHARLES ARMSTRONG FOX prefaces a volume of didactic poems with a dogmatic note, in which he declares that the poetic instinct is the faculty of seeing beauty and of saying the beautiful, and of vitalising all it sees and says. If his "Lyrics from the Hills" (ELLIOT STOCK), a handsome volume of over three hundred pages, are instinct with this faculty—and from a cursory glance they are certainly not devoid of it—he will receive a deserved welcome. MR. ÆLIAN PRINCE, the author of that curious poem "Of Palamide," publishes another, entitled "Of Joyous Gard" (E. W. ALLEN), in a dainty style. MR. PRINCE selects Bamborough Castle as the best-authenticated site of the Keep of Joyous Gard. The author, who writes under the pseudonym of "Cyfaill," publishes some selections from the "Canzoniere of Petrarch" (EDEN, REMINGTON), in an exquisite book bound in white and gold; and MR. E. J. L. SCOTT, of the British Museum, renders for the first time into English "The Eclogues of Calpurnius" (GEORGE BELL).

REPRINTS and new editions continue to crowd our shelves. NEWMAN'S "Parochial and Plain Sermons" reappear in eight volumes. There are also new issues of his "Discussions and Arguments" and "Grammar of Assent" (LONGMANS). "The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh," collected and authenticated, with those of SIR HENRY WOTTON, and other courtly poets from 1540 to 1650, forms the current volume of the Aldine Poets. DR. HANNAH is the editor. MR. J. M. MATHER'S "John Ruskin: his Life and Teaching" (WARNE & CO.), has been revised and enlarged, and is now in its third edition; while MR. CROMBIE'S

"Poets of the People in Foreign Lands" (ELLIOT STOCK) has reached a second edition.

NOT many novels have seen the light this week. In three volumes we have MR. R. B. S. KNOWLES' "Glencoonoge" (BLACKWOOD), a tale of Irish country and English city life; while MR. DALRYMPLE J. BELGRAVE is content to fill two with "Jack Warleigh: A Tale of the Turf and the Law" (CHAPMAN AND HALL). One-volume fiction is represented by "A Mystery of the Campagna" (UNWIN), a new volume of the Pseudonym Library; and "Roughing it after Gold" (SAMPSON LOW), a West American story, by RUX. Miscellaneous literature is also scanty. Two interesting books are MR. R. W. LOWE's "Thomas Betterton" (KEGAN PAUL), in the Eminent Actor series, and "Idle Hours with Nature" (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by MR. CHARLES DIXON, the naturalist.

OF course the book of the week is IBSEN's new drama, *Hedda Gabler*, in its tasteful English dress, as translated by MR. EDMUND GOSSE. Criticism of the book in these pages must wait. It is interesting, however, to see that Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites are already fighting over the new bone which has been thrown to them. Some of the enemies of IBSEN—whose enmity, perhaps, arises chiefly from the absurdities into which the less wise of his admirers have been betrayed—protest that he has written this drama as a satire upon his friends, and that the odious woman whose character he has dissected so pitilessly is but meant as an illustration of the natural end of Ibsenism. This is far-fetched and foolish. Wise people will enjoy the force, the clearness, and the splendid mastery of the secrets of life displayed in this last work by IBSEN, without troubling themselves to look for a moral where no moral has been hidden.

ANOTHER new monthly, *The Playgoers' Review*, comes into existence this week. It costs threepence, and consists of thirty-six well-printed pages. It intends to adhere to the policy of its successful predecessors, *The Playgoer* and *The London Playgoer and Comedy*. That is to say, it will try to be frank and unbiassed, and to criticise without fear or favour. One of its main objects will be to stimulate the interest of the public by discussing important problems connected with the stage, and by inviting all who have something new to say to speak it out freely. The editor is MR. J. T. GREIN; and the magazine is the organ of the Playgoers' Club.

THE long-promised "Plea for Liberty" (MURRAY) has at length seen the light. The motto of the book, taken from MILTON's "Areopagitica," may be condensed into one sentence: "If you insist on making man virtuous by Act of Parliament, you destroy virtue." The essays have all a common purpose, but the various writers approach the subject from different points of view, and are responsible for their own contribution and for nothing else. The introduction, "From Freedom to Bondage," by MR. HERBERT SPENCER, and the first two articles, deal with theoretical aspects of the question. The remaining ten papers are illustrative. MR. HOWELL traces the gradual advance of the working class on the path of liberty. MR. FAIRFIELD and MR. VINCENT describe Socialistic influences at work in an English colony and in the London streets. MR. MACKAY points out the advantage of giving to free investment the largest possible sphere of action. MR. ALFOULD discusses Free Education, refusing altogether to treat of Compulsory Education, as being at present beyond the range of practical politics. MR. ARTHUR RAFFALOVICH, a French economic writer of note,

deals historically, and from a cosmopolitan point of view, with the question of the Housing of the Poor. MR. MILLAR criticises the Post Office; MR. O'BRIEN, Free Libraries. MR. F. W. B. GORDON explains how the business of the electrical engineer has been hindered by the interference of the State; and MR. AUBERON HERBERT criticises the present attitude of Trade Unionism. The Fabians are doubtless polishing their armour; and we may expect a battle royal in the newspapers and reviews over "The Plea for Liberty" for months to come.

UNTIL the appearance of MR. B. E. ELLIS's "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" (BENTLEY) we had no "topographical biography" of the wonderful critic, poet, and humorist, whose many-sidedness is only beginning to be generally recognised, except the brief one in MR. LAURENCE HUTTON's invaluable "Literary Landmarks of London." In following the footsteps of LAMB, MR. ELLIS found many of the houses in which he had resided still untouched; and these MR. HERBERT RAILTON, who can make such romances out of old brick and mortar, and MR. JOHN FULLEYLOVE, who likes a bit of sky and a common in his sketches, have seized and preserved for us before the restless hand of reconstruction shall have plucked them away. MR. ELLIS's study of LAMB is written from the more modern and humane point of view. He has sketched LAMB as he lives in the idea of a cultured American, extenuating nothing; unlike the English writers, who have thrown a veil over some passages in LAMB's life.

ANOTHER book by an American, MR. JEREMIAH CURTIN, is entitled "Myths, and Folk-tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars" (SAMPSON LOW). It is dedicated to PROFESSOR CHILD of Harvard, a brother collector, whose treasury of myths, folk-tales, and ballads in all European languages is, perhaps, the most complete of its kind in either hemisphere. MR. CURTIN has a high idea of the science of mythology, because, by a study of it, we shall be able to establish the relationship of created things with one another, and their inseverable connection with the Unseen. MR. CURTIN, who is already favourably known in America as a translator, writes with spirit; and his book, besides being indispensable to students of mythology, is eminently readable.

READERS who remember MR. Inderwick's "Side-lights on the Stuarts," will be prepared to welcome his "Interregnum" (SAMPSON LOW), a series of legislative, social, and legal studies of the Commonwealth. MR. Inderwick shows how the great reforms of the present century had their origin during the three years of CROMWELL's rule, and he draws a picture of the condition of the people under the Protectorate, which, in itself interesting, has the additional importance of being the first historical study of the kind; for it is a fact that although the books on this period are innumerable, we have hitherto had no account of the inner life of the English people of the seventeenth century.

SOME enterprising Frenchman has written a version of "The Cenci," which has been produced at a Paris theatre. As the translation is said to be strictly faithful, there are probably no such pearls of diction as the famous greeting of SHAKESPEARE's witches done into French: "Bon jour, Monsieur Macbeth." But the translator is said to have indulged in "plenty of well-chosen poetic imagery," presumably his own, so it behoves MR. BUXTON FORMAN to examine this with a vigilant eye. It seems that the plot of the play tried the nerves of "a very select Paris audience," but this did not

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

prevent them from crying "Bravo, SHELLEY!" This tribute will doubtless prompt M. JULES LEMAITRE to assure us that his countrymen helped us to "invent" SHELLEY as well as SHAKESPEARE.

It is worth noting that some things are too strong even for the French censorship of the drama. One of them is *La Fille Elisa*, a play founded on one of EDMUND DE GONCOURT's romances. Some scenes in this piece were to have put even M. ZOLA to the blush, and judging from MR. THEODORE CHILD's description, they would have easily surpassed all former theatrical studies in the realism of depravity. DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that these phases of life belong to the physician and not to the artist. The French censor may not reason in this way, but he will not let Elisa belong to aspiring actresses.

MACREADY had a trick of taking up a position on the stage which compelled the actor with whom he was engaged to turn his or her face away from the audience—a trick other actor-managers know something of. He carried it to such excess during the performance of *The Winter's Tale*, that *Punch* was of opinion that MR. MACREADY thought MISS HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN) had a very handsome back, for when on the stage with her he always managed that the audience should see it and very little else. In her acute and sympathetic study of Hermione, in *Blackwood*, LADY MARTIN has nothing to say of all this—nothing but praise for the fine gentleman who was sometimes such a surly manager. She says, describing MACREADY's acting when Hermione descends from the pedestal, "Oh! can I ever forget MR. MACREADY at this point? At first he stood speechless, as if turned to stone; his face with an awestruck look upon it. . . . Tremblingly he advanced, and touched gently the hand held out to him. Then what a cry came with 'Oh, she's warm!' It is impossible to describe MR. MACREADY at this point. He was Leontes' self!" It is impossible to withhold admiration for LADY MARTIN's magnanimity in making no reference to what must have been at the time a great grievance, for she was only seventeen when she first played Hermione to MACREADY's Leontes.

THE memory of MRS. DRUMMOND, who died on Thursday week at Fredley, Dorking, and was buried last Tuesday, will be cherished not only by her near friends (and they were not few) but by everyone who had the privilege of her acquaintance. In her youth, when MISS KINNAIRD, she was the ward of WORDSWORTH and of RICHARD ("CONVERSATION") SHARP, and to her last days retained a store of reminiscences and anecdotes about the many distinguished men whom SHARP entertained at Fredley—GRATTAN, SYDNEY SMITH, SAMUEL ROGERS, SCOTT, TALLEYRAND, a long list. Nor was her interest in men and affairs confined to those of former generations. JOHN BRIGHT, for instance, was an especially valued guest at her house, and to the end she possessed and delighted in an aptitude for political discussion which, like her kindness, seemed proof against age.

IN 1835, while still a young woman, she married THOMAS DRUMMOND, who almost immediately proceeded to Dublin as Under-Secretary for Ireland under the second Melbourne Administration (1835—41). DRUMMOND was the only successful Secretary that ever helped to govern Ireland. He worked on the principle of equal laws for the two countries. It was he also who first uttered the famous sentence, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." When, in 1840, a year before the close of the Melbourne Government, he died at the age of forty-three, he was already beloved throughout Ireland. It is not astonishing that he returned

this affection and requested, on his death-bed, to be buried in Dublin. MRS. DRUMMOND's forty years of widowhood saw many men succeed her husband and as many fail in their turn. She died a convinced Home Ruler.

A TRAVELLER writes to the *Cornhill* about the ruined town of Pribenic. Dating from the thirteenth century, Pribenic was destroyed by the Wycliffites under ZYBNEK, a follower of ZISKA's, who had much of the energy and decision of his leader. Since 1420, the year of its destruction, Pribenic has been tenanted only once—and that for a very short time—by human beings. Out of Tabor, ZISKA drove a body of Adamites, and they seized upon this deserted town. Soon they were driven from it also, and the lizards and the ants have been its sole inhabitants since. It stands in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in Bohemia, rarely visited, and almost unknown except to the neighbouring Taborites, who call it the Bohemian Pompeii.

PEERS who are rash enough to subscribe to the funds of the Scotch railway strikers had better take care. Some vigilant Tory eyes are upon them, and they will find themselves in the black list. The House of Lords is dear to the "law and order" mind, but the interests of the North British directors are dearer, and even hereditary rank may not save the culprits who will not respect the halo which MR. WALKER has inherited from MR. NORWOOD. When LORD SALISBURY favours us with another House of Lords Reform Bill, he may propose to exclude from that august Chamber all noblemen who have denied the sacred right of directors to work their servants to death.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IN THE BALKANS.

IF a modern Montesquieu wished to write a new "*Esprit des Lois*" he might learn many important lessons from the young national commonwealths of the Balkans. Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro have been, and are, subjects of intense interest to all political students. They have even gained a somewhat unenviable repute for keeping other and far greater nations eternally on the alert. Statesmen and diplomatists have been asking so long "What will they do next?" that the world in general would hardly be surprised at anything they might do. But, leaving politics aside, their broad democracy, their social institutions, and the whole aspect of their public life are full of interest to all who study the philosophy of history and the principles of political and social evolution.

For the present I desire only to draw attention to one special question which has been, and is, always of peculiar interest to all English-speaking people. I wish to show that the most liberal constitutions do not always secure the just application of liberal principles in practical life. It seems that, sometimes, inspirations come to nations from sources which are able to falsify or paralyse the very spirit in which their constitutions have been written. The Bulgarian and Serbian peoples are, in a great degree, one and the same race, for the Finnish blood of the Bulgarians has only partially changed the great Slavonic foundation common to both of them. The Bulgarians have had their autonomy only twelve years; the Serbians of the kingdom have been practically autonomous the last sixty years, and Montenegro was never conquered by the Turks. We might naturally expect the Serbians, with their sixty years of freedom, to be far more advanced in culture than the Bulgarians. Both nations have liberal constitutions, and that of Serbia is almost radical in its character. Bulgaria is governed by what some consider an autocratic, high-handed clique; Serbia never seems to grow weary of asserting that she is governed constitutionally by the

Radical party, which has all power in the Cabinet, and an overwhelming majority in the National Assembly.

It would be logical to expect a greater amount of religious liberty in Serbia than in Bulgaria. But we find just the opposite. In Bulgaria there is something like religious liberty; in Serbia, unhappily, we see many things done and many things said which look exceedingly like religious persecutions. In Bulgaria there is an increasing number of Protestant churches, and the seed of Evangelical truth, sowed by the American missionaries under most difficult circumstances, grows free and undisturbed by any jealousies of the Orthodox Church. In Serbia, the Orthodox Church and the Government, backed by the Courts of Justice and the great Radical party, are making most strenuous efforts to prevent the spread of a dissenting sect. The Serbian "Nazarenes" evoked some generous interest among the English public when (after the war with the Turks in 1876) it became known that some of them had been sentenced to death for refusing to bear arms. This sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Several English gentlemen at that time addressed a petition to King Milan on behalf of the prisoners, and the King granted them at once a free pardon. Two years ago, the police surprised a few Nazarenes—men and women—praying in a private house, and arrested them. They were brought before the Court of Justice and charged with being members of a dangerous secret society. A Scotch gentleman, resident in Belgrade, took great interest in these prisoners, who were imprisoned for conscience' sake, and he provided them with the best legal advice at his own expense. At the same time, the Rev. Donald Fraser sent a pressing letter to M. Mijatovich (at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs in Serbia) asking him to use his personal influence in the case. The Highest Court found the Nazarenes guilty of proselytising, but decided that the period that they had been already imprisoned pending the court proceedings was sufficient punishment, and set them at liberty.

During the sitting of the great National Assembly in December, 1888, to decide on the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution offered by King Milan, an incident occurred which may have an especial interest for the English public. The fifty-second article of the proposed Constitution declared that "liberty of worship is accepted in principle," and guaranteed to "all acknowledged creeds." The Marquis of Salisbury instructed Mr. St. John, the British Minister in Belgrade, to draw, "in the most friendly spirit," the attention of the Serbian Government to the fact "that one of the conditions under which the Berlin Congress consented to Serbia's independence was the adoption of the principle of religious liberty," and to add "that Her Majesty's Government feared that the wording of the fifty-second article of the new Constitution might lead to unjust limitation of that principle." Mr. St. John's representations were met only by the declaration of the Serbian Government that "the wording of the Constitution was quite in harmony with the dispositions of the Berlin Treaty," but Lord Salisbury's suggestion proved of peculiar and decisive value to Serbia and King Milan. The King had declared to the Great Assembly that the project of the Constitution must be accepted or rejected *tel quel*, and that he could not allow a single letter to be amended or changed. The majority of the Assembly insisted on a number of modifications of the text. A conflict between the *Constituante* and the Crown seemed to be inevitable. The Cabinet Ministers and the Corps Diplomatique were alarmed at the prospect of such collision. Either dissolution of the Assembly and the inauguration of a Dictature, or the abdication of the King, seemed equally sharp horns of a most embarrassing dilemma. A deputation of some seventy members of the Great Assembly went to the palace to ask the King to consent to some changes in the text of the Constitution. The King

argued the matter, but the peasant deputies were stubborn in their demands for at least a few modifications. At last King Milan said to them: "Well, then, I will tell you confidentially my last argument! You are all born diplomatists, and you will see, I am sure, the true nature of my opposition. If I agree now to your demand for some alterations in the text of the Constitution, how could I refuse Lord Salisbury the modification which he asked in the article on religious liberty?" This question of the King was quickly answered by shouts from the deputies that they gave up their demands, and would accept the project of the Constitution just as it was submitted to them. It was understood by the deputies that article 52 had been worded to prevent the establishment of any new sect of dissenters from the Serbian Orthodox Church.

The Nazarenes, though few in number and mostly small artisans, show a remarkable steadfastness to the tenets of their faith. No repressive measures of the Government have been able to shake their fidelity to their principles. Recently, a Nazarene woman died, and her husband wished to bury her without the intervention of the Orthodox clergy. Then Archbishop Michael appealed to the Radical Government and the widower was arrested, whilst his wife was buried, with the help of the police, according to the rites of the Orthodox State Church. Several other Nazarenes were also arrested, and accused of belonging to a secret society dangerous to the general interests of the State. The Nazarenes denied that they belonged to a secret and dangerous society, but they acknowledged that they—not being able to understand the prayers of the Church (which are offered in the old Slavonic tongue)—met together in the house of a friend to pray and read the New Testament. The Court sentenced them to a year's imprisonment!

We understand that the Scotch gentleman resident in Belgrade, of whom we have already spoken, intends to use all legal means to get this unjust sentence revoked by an appeal to the Higher Court. But unfortunately the Government, and the majority of the men in authority, consider it a patriotic duty to stretch points in the laws and Constitution in order to prevent the spread of a sect which refuses military service. The Nazarenes refuse to bear arms; they consent to serve in all ways except as soldiers. It is doubtful if any of the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty would feel disposed to make any "representation" to the Serbian Government in this matter. But, as Mr. Gladstone is still immensely popular among the Serbs (who often quote his famous "Hands off!" with regard to Bosnia), and as his party is believed to be always well disposed towards Serbia, perhaps a little friendly advice from this quarter would induce the Government and people to take a juster view of the duty of a civilised State with respect to the "liberty of conscience" of its subjects.

The Serbians damage greatly their national cause when they declare themselves—by their deeds—for the coercion of Conscience; and the Bulgarians must naturally secure the sympathies of all civilised nations when they proudly and consistently inscribe "*Liberty of Conscience!*" on their banners.

E. L. M.

YORKSHIRE DICK.

"SEE here, you'd best *lose* the bitch—till to-morrow, anyway. She ain't the sight to please a strict man, like your dad, on the Sabbath day. What's more, she won't heal for a fortnit, not to deceive a Croolty-to-Animals Inspector at fifty yards; an' with any man but me she'll take a month."

My friend Yorkshire Dick said this, with that curious gypsy intonation that turns English into a foreign tongue if you forget the words and listen only to the voice. He was squatting in the sunshine,

with his back against an oak sapling, a black cutty under his nose, and Meg, my small fox-terrier, between his thighs. In those days, being just fifteen, I had taken a sketch-book and put myself to school under Dick to learn the love of Things as They Are: and, as part of the course, we had been the death of a badger that morning—Sunday morning.

It was one of those days in autumn when the dews linger in the shade till noon and the black-berry grows too watery for the *connoisseur*. On the ridge where we loafed, the short turf was dry enough, and the sun strong between the sparse saplings; but the paths that zigzagged down the thick coppice to right and left were soft to the foot, and streaked with the slimy tracks of snails. A fine blue mist filled the gulf on either hand, and beneath it mingled the voices of streams and of birds busy beside them. At the mouth of each valley a thicker column of blue smoke curled up like a feather—that to the left rising from the kitchen chimney of my father's cottage, that to the right from the encampment where Dick's *bouillon* was simmering above a wood fire.

Looking over Dick's shoulder along the ridge I could see, at a point where the two valleys climbed to the upland, a white-washed building, set alone, and backed by an undulating moorland dotted with clay-works. This was Ebenezer Chapel; and my father was its deacon. Its one bell had sounded down the ridge and tinkled in my ear from half-past ten to eleven that morning. Its pastor would walk back and eat roast duck and drink three-star brandy under my father's roof after service. Bell and pastor had spoken in vain, as far as I was concerned; but I knew that all they had to say would be rubbed in with my father's stirrup-leather before night-fall.

"Tis pretty sport," said Dick, "but it leaves traces."

Between us the thin red soil of the ridge was heaped in mounds, and its stain streaked our clothes and faces. On one of these mounds lay a spade and two picks, a pair of tongs, an old sack, dyed in its original service of holding sheep's redde, and, on the sack, the carcase of our badger, its grey hairs matted with blood about the snout. This carcase was a matter of study not only to me, who had my sketch-book out, but to a couple of Dick's terriers tied up to a sapling close by—an ugly mongrel, half fox-half bull-terrier, and a Dandie Dinmont—who were straining to get at it. As for Dick, he never lifted his eyes, but went on handling Meg. He had the gypsy's secret with animals, and the poor little bitch hardly winced under his touch, though her under-lip was torn away, and hung, like a red rag, by half an inch of flesh.

We had dug and listened and dug again for our badger, all the morning. Then Dick sent his mongrel in at the hole, and the mongrel had come forth like a projectile and sat down at a distance, bewailing his lot. After him the Dandie went in and sneaked out again with a fore-paw bitten to the bone. And at last Meg stepped in grimly, and stayed. For a time there was dead silence, and then as we pressed our ears against the turf and the dog-violets, that were just beginning their autumnal flowering, we heard a scuffling underground and began to dig down to it, till the sweat streamed into our eyes. Now Dick's wife had helped us to bring up the tools, and hung around to watch the sport—an ugly, apathetic woman, with hair like a horse's tail bound in a yellow rag, enormous hips, and a skirt of old sacking. I think there was no love lost between her and Dick, because she had borne him no children. Anyway, while Dick and I were busy, digging like niggers and listening like Indians—for Meg didn't bark, not being trained to the work, and all we could hear was a *thud, thud* now and then, and the hard breathing of the grapple—all of a sudden the old hag spoke, for the first time that day—

"S'trewth, but I've gripped!"

Looking up, I saw her stretched along the side of the turf, with her head resting on the lip of the

badger's hole and her right arm inside, up to the arm-pit. Without speaking again, she began to work her body back, like a snake, the muscles swelling and sinking from shoulder to flank in small waves. She had the strength of a horse. Inch by inch she pulled back, while we dug around the mouth of the hole, filling her mouth and eyes with dirt, until her arm came to light, then the tongs she held; and then Dick spat out a mighty oath—

"It's the *dog* she's got!"

So it was. The woman had hold of Meg all the time, and the game little brute had held on to the badger. Also the badger had held *her*, and when at last his hold slipped, she was a gruesome sight. She looked round, reproachfully, shook the earth out of her eyes and went in again without a sound. And Dick picked up a clod and threw it in his wife's face, between the eyes. She cursed him, in a perfunctory way, and walked off, down the wood, to look after her stew.

But now, Meg having pinned her enemy again, we soon dug them out: and I held the sack while Dick took the badger by the tail and dropped him in. His teeth snapped, a bare two inches from my left hand, as he fell. After a short rest, he was despatched. The method need not be described. It was somewhat crude, and in fact turned me not a little sick.

"One o'clock," Dick observed, glancing up at the sun, and resuming his care of Meg. "What're ye trying to do, youngster?"

"Trying to put on paper what a badger's like when he's dead. If I only had colours—"

"My son, there's a kind of man afflicted with an itch to put all he sees on paper. What's the use? Fifty men might sit down to write what the grey of a badger's like; and they can't, because there's no words for it. All they can say is that 'tis badger's-grey—which means naught to a man that hasn't seen one: and a man that *has* don't want to be told. Same with your pencils and paints. Cast your head back and look up—how deep can you see into the sky?"

"Miles."

"Ay, and every mile shining to the eye. I've seen pictures in my time, but never one that made a dab of paint look a mile deep. Besides, why draw a thing when you can lie on your back and look up at it?"

I was about to answer when Dick raised his head, with a queer alertness in his eyes. Then he vented a long, low whistle, and went on binding up Meg's jaw.

Immediately after, there was a crackling of boughs to the left and my father's head appeared above the slope, with the red face of the pastor behind it. We were caught.

On the harangue that followed I have no wish to dwell. My father and the pastor pitched it in by turns, while Dick went on with his surgery, his mouth pursed up for a soundless whistle. The prosecution had it all its own way, and I felt uncomfortably sure about the sentence.

But at last, to our amazement, Dick, having finished the bandaging, let Meg go and advanced. He picked up my sketch-book.

"Gentlemen both," said he, "I've been listening respectful to your talk about God and his wrath, and as a poor heathen I'd like to know your idea of him. Here's a pencil and paper. Will you be kind enough to draw God? that I may see what he's like."

The pastor's jaw dropped. My father went grey with rage. Dick stood a pace back, smiling; and the sun glanced on the gold rings in his ears.

"No, sirs. It ain't blasphemy. But I know you can't give me a notion that won't make him out to be a sort of man, pretty much like yourselves—two eyes, a nose, mouth, and beard perhaps. Now my wife says there's points about a woman that you don't reckon into your notion; and my dog says there's more in a tail than most men estimate—"

"You foul-tongued poacher—" broke out my father.

"Now you're mixing matters up," Dick interrupted, blandly; "I poach, and that's a crime. I've shown your boy to-day how men kill badgers, and maybe that's wrong. But look here, sir—I've taught him some things besides; the ways of birds and beasts, and their calls; how to tell the hour by sun and stars; how to know an ash from a beech, of a pitch-dark night, by the sound of the wind in their tops; what herbs will cure disease and where to seek them; why some birds hop and others run. Sirs, I come of an old race that has outlived books and pictures and meeting-houses: you belong to a new one and a cock-sure, and maybe you're right. Anyhow, you know precious little of this world, whatever you may of another."

He stopped, pushed a hand through his coarse black hair, and, as if suddenly tired, resumed the old, sidelong gypsy look that he had been straightening with an effort.

"Your boy'll believe what you tell him: he's got the strength in his blood. Take him home and don't beat him too hard."

He glanced at me with a light nod, untied his dogs, shouldered his tools, and slouched away down the path, to sleep under his accustomed tree that night and be off again, next day, travelling amongst men and watching them with his weary ironical smile.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MAJOR CLARKE'S "FORTIFICATION."

SIR,—Licence is, of course, accorded to critics, but licence hardly covers inaccurate statements affecting the professional reputation of the author criticised; assuming that this expresses the general courtesy observed between critics and authors, I hope you will allow the few words that follow as much publicity as you have permitted to the author of the criticisms on Major Clarke's "Fortification."

Having known Major Clarke intimately for some years, I have become well acquainted with the work on which he has been engaged, and am in a position to deny altogether the accuracy of the following passage—"Moreover, the author's professional career gives to his views and opinions on Coast Defence a certain amount of weight, which hardly attaches to those he holds on Permanent Fortification in its other aspects." As it so happens, there is scarcely an officer of Royal Engineers who has had so many opportunities of studying Land Fortification and forecasting the results of improvements in modern weapons; and though we do not accept all his deductions, we are ready to admit that he has, on the whole, used his clever pen to good advantage, and done much to lead the engineer mind out of the grooves it was too much inclined to follow. I do not consider that it is necessary to defend Major Clarke, than whom there is no one more capable of protecting himself, but it is fair to say that the first to agree with your critic as to the probable fate of Paris had there been no works ready to receive the Germans, would have been Major Clarke himself, though the nature of such works would have been his ideal, and not those of his critic.—I am, yours faithfully,

R. E.

January 19th.

TUCKER'S "LIGHT OF NATURE."

SIR,—I observe that the writer of your article, "The Late Lady Taylor," in to-day's *SPEAKER*, states that he is "not acquainted" with Abraham Tucker's "Light of Nature"—a work to his acquaintance with which it appears that Sir Henry Taylor was indebted for his wife. I do not venture to hope that any other reader of the work will be similarly rewarded—grim old Abraham himself would have expected such a result as the very last recompense for his toil—but I may, perhaps, be permitted to recommend the work, which, to me, is one of the most precious in my library, to any of your readers who are not afraid of a really great book. Mr. Tucker, who died a little more than a century since, was a gentleman of fortune, who resided for many years at Betchworth Castle, near Dorking. "The Light of Nature" was the one literary occupation of his life. Paley spoke of it as "containing more original thinking than any other work of its kind." Robert Hall characterised it as "a work in which the noblest philosophy is brought down by a master-hand and placed within the reach of every man of sound understanding." An abridgment of the book was published by William

Hazlitt. I shall be glad if, by your permission, I am enabled to introduce to a younger generation of readers a book which by many of their fathers was held to be simply invaluable.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM HEATON.
Sholebroke Avenue, Leeds, January 17th.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 23rd, 1891.

THE heated controversy about Ibsen is becoming a little tiresome. Merely to utter his name in a mixed company is as seismic in its effects as to whistle "Croppies Lie Down" at Donnybrook Fair. Why do the heathen so furiously rage over this respectable elderly Scandinavian who lives at Munich, taking "from time to time a few whiffs at a very short pipe," in calm contempt of their raging? Why cannot they make up their minds to like him or lump him—and there an end? Meanwhile, the unobtrusive student, quietly pursuing the virtuous mean of Aristotle, would like to know something of the man about whom all the pother is being made, and he is just now by way of having his curiosity gratified. The man's work is being steadily done into English, English of the best, by Mr. William Archer; and here is the man's life, in the authoritative version of Henrik Jæger, now translated for English readers by Miss Clara Bell. (London: William Heinemann.)

Jæger's book is a true biography, treating events not as isolated phenomena but as formative influences, showing us not only what Ibsen is, but why he is. It has, of course, the defect of that scientific quality. The determination to bring even the most trivial circumstance into a logical "concatenation accordingly" is bound occasionally to result in the discovery of mares' nests. Thus the attempt to trace Ibsen's Puritanism to the fact that his grandfather married "the daughter of a naturalised Scotchman" is, surely, more than a little fantastic? One is reminded of the strain of "Abyssinian blood" in the veins of Dumas' Mrs. Clarkson, and chuckles. And, being a biographer, Jæger is apt to take his subject too seriously. When Ibsen was a youth (and an apothecary's apprentice), his soul was like a star and dwelt apart, as the souls of clever apprentices have a trick of doing. "At a ball," we read, "while his companions gave themselves up to pleasure and enjoyment, he would stand meditating on all the sorrow and misfortune which lurked in the background beneath the cheerful surface, wondering how many of the dancers were waltzing only to forget their woes." "Happy villagers!" sang the gloomy Stranger in the old burlesque of Kotzebue's play—

"Happy villagers, dance away!
Fits may follow—
But dance away!"

One would give something for a sketch of Ibsen at the Ball, by Mr. du Maurier.

On the whole, however, Jæger is sane enough; he sees his subject steadily, and sees it whole. The one drawback (for English readers) is that he sees it at somewhat too close quarters. Being himself a Scandinavian, Ibsen's environment, Ibsen's temperament, Ibsen's *ethos*, are familiar to him. To us aliens these things are unfamiliar, and we want them explained from our point of view. If only Jæger's grandfather had married the daughter of a naturalised Englishman!

Certainly Mr. Podsnap would have swept all Ibsen's characters behind him as un-English. They are all, men and women alike, so deeply concerned

about the condition of their own "dirty little souls," all introspective, all wondering why they came into the world, and what is their mission in life, all touched with a certain austere melancholy. I own myself quite unable to imagine Nora Helmer buying Christmas cards at the Stores, or Consul Bernick on the knifeboard of a Brixton omnibus. Are Norwegian people, I wonder, really built that way, and if so, why? For the melancholy, Ibsen's childish surroundings are no doubt partly accountable. He was born in the market-place of Skien, with the school on one side and the church in the centre; "to the right of the church," he writes himself, "stood the town pillory, and to the left the town hall, with the prison and the lock-up for mad persons." The only amusement of the boys of Skien, apparently, was to steal water-logged boats—evidently a place far behind Peebles for "pleasure and deevilment." Some not very profound persons have expressed surprise that the new dramatic gospel should have issued from so remote a Nazareth. Surely, if a new drama was to come, it is precisely from such a quarter, away from the main current of European life, and far from the madding crowd who drink *bocks* outside the Café Américain, that one would have expected to get it.

Always excepting the Latin countries, the dramas of Ibsen have over-run the Continent of Europe to the same triumphant extent as have Wagner's operas. According to a Norwegian journalist, Mr. Harald Hansen, no less than a dozen treatises have already been written on Ibsen's theatre: one in Norwegian, one in Danish, two in Swedish, five in German, one in Polish, one in Dutch, one in Finnish—without counting innumerable articles in every language. The significance of this is not to be missed. The success of Ibsen's theatre means the dethronement of Paris from the position of theatrical supremacy which it has held undisputed for two centuries and a half. *Delenda*—if not *deleta*—*est Theatropolis*! Racial antipathy is at the bottom of this, I suppose. The secret discontent of the blameless Hyperborean with Latin life as reflected in Latin dramatic art, has now burst into open revolt; he has at last got a dramatist of his own. And one seems to hear him shouting to the played-out Caucasian of the boulevards, "Whaur's your Sandy Dumas the noo?" Or yelling, with the crowd of Romanticists at the Français on the night of February 11th, 1829, "*Enfoncé, Racine!*"

The blameless one hails Ibsen as destined to play Luther to the Leo X. of Dumas fils. As we all know, the great Frenchman poses as moralist even more than as artist, and Ibsen challenges him on both counts. They both deal with the great sexual question; but what infinitely greater sincerity and scope there is in the treatment of it by the new man! He shows us relations between modern men and women far more interesting than the one relation of animal appetite. For him the *Ewig Weibliche* is concerned with far more complex matters than the Seventh Commandment, divorce, and the affiliation articles of the Civil Code. To the author of *L'Ami des Femmes* and *L'Homme-Femme*, who takes the Oriental view that woman has no soul (or, "Please, sir, a very little one"), and, plagiarising from the curate Edward Bull, thinks her sole duty is to be the bondswoman of man, Ibsen retorts with *A Doll's House*, demonstrating her right to be herself. And whereas the Frenchman and his fellows can never get the *odor di femmina* out of their theatre, Ibsen will turn his back on the women for awhile, and, in a *League of Youth*, a *Pillars of Society*, an *Enemy of Society*, diagnose social diseases in which they have no concern. (Here, however, the average sensual man, not so blameless as the Hyperborean, whispers that he would welcome Ibsen's muse more warmly if she were a trifle more voluptuous. The women of the new dramatic dispensation are flat-

breasted and have a little too much of "that damned intellect.")

It is on the side of theatrical craftsmanship that one might have expected the Frenchman to have the advantage, heir as he is to all the traditions of the first stage in Europe. Yet here, again, he is beaten. Throughout the fifties, first at Bergen and afterwards at Christiania, Ibsen was a stage-manager. He rehearsed over a hundred plays, and so acquired, no doubt, his astonishing *technique*. As Jæger truly says, his plays (*i.e.*, his social dramas, the only ones here in question—for Ibsen the poet, the Ibsen of *Brand*, of *Peer Gynt*, of *Emperor and Galilean*, I have not the effrontery to tackle) begin where ordinary plays usually end; they are all in fact "amplified catastrophes." What an immense gain this is to their Unity of Impression (the sole modern representative of the classic Three) needs no demonstration.

As for his dialogue, we get on his stage the talk of real life—at last! The little fishes do not talk like big whales, there are no epigrams, there is no *raisonneur*—a De Jalin, a Rémonin, a Des Ryons—introduced for the express purpose of letting off conversational fireworks about *vibrions* or *pêches à quinze sous* ("Yet," sighs our average sensual man, returning from Paris by the Club train, "I cannot help a sneaking affection for that old *raisonneur* of Dumas—unless, like Thouvenin, he becomes a *raseur*"). Just one more comparison. In the art of subtle, ironical presentation of character there is not a Frenchman who can touch Ibsen. Augier, perhaps, came near him, once, in *Maître Guérin*. But what is one such portrait to a gallery-full of Stensgaards, Bernicks, Helmers, Gregers Werles? True, the irony is sometimes too subtle for the weaker brethren, as the bewildered demeanour of many of the audience on the first night in London of *A Doll's House* testified. Indeed, some London critics, I understand, are still convinced that Torvald Helmer was hero and martyr. Let Dr. Ibsen put that in his "very short pipe," and smoke it!

A. B. WALKLEY.

REVIEWS.

TWO POETS IN POPULAR EDITIONS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by Edward Dowden. One Volume. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Edited, with Preface, by William M. Rossetti. A New Edition in One Volume. London: Ellis & Elvey. 1891.

IT is painfully true that the more work a poet leaves behind him the meaner must be his "Popular Edition"; and a fastidious man may well hesitate to write an epic when he knows that it may make all the difference between single and double columns in the days when he will be a classic. These two volumes are instances. Rossetti has thick paper and a wide margin: Shelley's ample spirit is cabined within narrow columns. No doubt Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have done all that was possible for the money; but the result almost persuades us to agree with Mr. Ruskin, and hold that if the general public does not care enough for Shelley to pay an additional shilling or two to have him worthily printed, it had better let Shelley alone.

But these green editions of Messrs. Macmillan aim, if we mistake not, at something more than popularity. Like the famous "Globe" Shakespeare, they are meant to serve as authorities in the matter of text; and certainly the "Wordsworth," which appeared in 1888, hit this mark. We have consulted it time after time on questions of "reading," and with growing approval. Moreover, the critical introduction by Mr. John Morley is a model. And therefore we were anxious to see on what lines

Mr. Dowden would perform a like office for Shelley. As far as knowledge of his subject goes, Mr. Dowden is the very man for the work. But exact and detailed knowledge will not carry to success a work conceived on wrong principles.

An author and his editors are natural antagonists. The author writes, corrects, blots, and amends, until his work is built to his mind. Then he makes a fair copy, sends it to press, and (if wise) burns his corrections and emendations. They are not for the world, being but his bad shots and failures, and the world, he holds, should only behold the perfect work. The modern editor, on the other hand, while admitting that the perfect work is the main matter, believes that the world should take an interest also in the author's method of composition, and desires to exhibit the rough copy, blots and all, beside the fair copy. Nay, he goes farther. "Shelley's poetry," says Mr. Dowden, "tells more to a reader who is acquainted with his character and the events of his life than to one who knows the poems only as if they had fallen out of the air from some invisible singer." We do not say that Mr. Dowden is wrong. We admit—to take an extreme instance—that our appreciation of Villon is increased by what we know of his life. We merely state the fact that the natural instinct of an author is to cover up his tracks, and the natural instinct of an editor to unearth them.

Mr. Dowden, then, in accordance with his notions of editing, serves up the stale mess of Shelley's life once more. Once more the soiled puppets are jerked through the old base performance—Harriet, deceived and unfaithful, commits her old suicide; Fanny commits hers; everybody has a low intrigue with everybody else. Godwin is the rancid Mephistopheles of the drama; Shelley the principal Faust; and as for the Margarets they can only be added up with a pencil and sheet of paper. Godwin, Mrs. Godwin, Harriet, Eliza, Mary, Fanny, Claire Clairmont, Miss Hitchener—these, says Mr. Dowden, we must know before we can appreciate Shelley's poetry. In the same way Cæsar used to take an emetic before sitting down to dinner.

So Mr. Dowden tells the story in twenty-three pages. And apparently he considers it to shed such light on Shelley's work that a critical estimate of that work may be dispensed with. He does not attempt to give one. But this, we suppose, is the New Criticism.

Let us pass on, then, and inquire, What principles have guided Mr. Dowden in editing the text? He does well, of course, to correct what are obviously mere clerical errors in the early editions (e.g., "mein" for "mien," "thier" for "their"); while he is more conservative in matters of punctuation, so long as the meaning is left clear, seeing that "such punctuation may have a metrical value." But the main *crux* for an editor is, of course, the "Revolt of Islam." We believe Mr. Dowden has been judicious in adopting a compromise here; though the reason he gives is as weak as most arguments in favour of a compromise. Shelley, as everybody knows, called it originally "Laon and Cythna," made the lovers brother and sister, and explained in his preface that it was his object "to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend," and that he sought "to strengthen the moral sense, by forbidding it to waste its energies in seeking to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention." "Laon and Cythna" however was hardly published when people wrote to Ollier, the publisher, protesting against the outrage on common morality. Ollier took fright, and insisted that certain alterations should be made; and Shelley complied. "Laon and Cythna" became "The Revolt of Islam." Says Mr. Dowden: "Shelley removed an ethical blot which could not fail with many, and those not the least judicious, readers to mar even the artistic effect of his poem." Mr. Dowden's notions of the relationship of morality to art are, if we may judge from this remark, some-

thing too crude to be worth discussing; and we may get on at once to the point, which is that Shelley deliberately altered his poem to suit Mrs. Grundy. That is the fact, and no amount of fine language will alter it. The problem, then, that confronted Mr. Dowden was—Shall I print Mrs. Grundy's "Revolt of Islam" or Shelley's "Laon and Cythna"? Mr. Dowden decided to have Mrs. Grundy in the text and Shelley in the Notes at the end of the book—as once upon a time the "Delphin" editors cut out the naughty passages in their texts and huddled them together in a common Chamber of Horrors, a stark naked and unseemly crew. "In giving 'The Revolt of Islam' rather than 'Laon and Cythna,' which Mr. Forman reprints, we follow the example of Mrs. Shelley," says our editor. But, really, is this much of a reason? And if we are to have the whole, or almost the whole, of the Introduction taken up with a narrative of the poet's life, in order that his poetry may tell us more, then why, in the name of all that's logical, when we come to read the poetry, are we presented with the work that Shelley's publisher approved of rather than the work as it came from Shelley's brain? Or was it only want of space that prevented Mr. Dowden from giving us Ollier's biography as well, and so rendering our grasp of the poem complete?

If Mr. Dowden be but moderately logical, what shall be said of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's work in the other volume before us? Never, perhaps, has anything quite so insane been perpetrated on a body of verse. To begin with, more than nine-tenths of all Rossetti's work is classed under two headings—(1) Principal Poems; (2) Miscellaneous Poems: and if this strikes Mr. W. M. Rossetti as a division on any known principle we wish he would explain. He calls "The Bride's Prelude" (which Rossetti left unfinished), and "The Stream's Secret," "principal" poems. The incomparable "Blessed Damozel" is "miscellaneous" merely! We have found out the editor's secret. He has just taken an inch-rule and measured the poems; and anything that comes short of eight pages is "miscellaneous" ("Eden Bower" is "miscellaneous"). Even within these two divisions the arrangement is annoying. Songs, sonnets, ballads are jumbled together until the head spins. It is true the editor declares he has "in each section arranged the compositions in some approximate order of date": but as he had "frequently no distinct information to go by," he might as well have held his hand from the attempt, especially as in no case does he give the date of a poem. The advantages of chronological order are often overrated: they become of no account at all when (1) no dates are given, and (2) the order is broken by a division into principal and miscellaneous. The volume in other respects does great credit to its publishers. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's preface is a condensation of that which appeared in the "Collected Works" (two vols.), published at the close of 1886; and calls for nothing but praise. The writer admits that "the most adequate mode of prefacing the poems of Rossetti, as of most authors, would probably be to offer a broad general view of his writings, and to analyse with some critical precision his relation to other writers, contemporary or otherwise, and the merits and defects of his performances." But he adds that the hand of a brother is not the fittest to undertake any work of this scope. We applaud his modesty, but have quoted his words in the hope that they may catch the eye of Mr. Dowden (who is not Shelley's brother).

A GREAT FRENCH PREACHER.

SERMONS CHOISIS. Eugène Bersier. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher, Société Anonyme, 33, Rue de Seine. 1891.

"In memory of Eugène Bersier, Pastor of the Reformed Church of France. To honour his name and continue his work his grateful friends have published this collection of selected sermons."

Such is the simple dedication of a volume of fourteen discourses delivered by the regretted pastor of the church in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, who died suddenly on November 19, 1889. M. Bersier's name was familiar to many religious circles in the United Kingdom. A friend of Dean Stanley and the late Archbishop of York, he was well in touch with the religious movement abroad. In return, few eminent ecclesiastics visited the French metropolis without attending a service at the *église de l'Étoile*. Dr. Thomson never failed in so doing, nor in sending unsolicited support to the works of the chapel. This memorial work, published by Fischbacher, 33, Rue de Seine, will be welcomed in many circles where M. Bersier was known only by name.

It is always invidious to make comparisons where one is bound by personal recollections of attachment. And if we would mention the names of Massillon and Bossuet there might be murmuring voices heard. But no less a critic than the late Sylvestre de Sacy, who appreciated M. Bersier in a marked way, did not hesitate to place him on a par with Bourdaloue. A Parisian of this end of the century might open his eyes at this; but then our latter-day Parisian probably knows as little of Bourdaloue as he did of Bersier.

The *ci-devant* colleague of M. de Pressensé never enjoyed extensive popularity in his own country. He voluntarily preferred a career of self-effacement, confining himself to the work of the ministry in a somewhat narrow sphere. Since his appearance on the platforms of public meetings during the siege, to encourage the Parisians in their hour of trial, Bersier's voice was scarcely ever heard, except as a religious teacher among his own people. Sylvestre de Sacy tried in vain to draw him out of this retirement, but the world had apparently few attractions for his uncompromising spirit.

The collection of sermons published by the Memorial Committee will be found to bear out the high estimate entertained of their pastor's gifts as a preacher. English readers will be inclined to pronounce them too rhetorical, and not of a sufficiently devotional cast to suit the conventional taste. But the beauties of style and the elevation of thought cannot fail to recommend them to all who are able to appreciate French composition. M. Bersier had trained himself by a severe course of study to arrive at a degree of excellence in the art of oratory, in which he was equalled by very few of his contemporaries. The despondent, almost despairing, tone that is such a marked feature in these pulpit deliverances may strike some robust minds as excessive; but, under the circumstances, they cannot be regarded as uncalled for. Bersier was not a man to practise the device of the ostrich, and bury his head in the sand while the whirlwind of modern thought was beating about his ears. He stood up manfully for the faith with the spirit of his favourite hero, Coligny; and when so many potent and persuasive voices were urging the standards to be lowered, his powerful note rang out, No surrender. It was not so much in the interests of his order that he contended against the invading forces, as for what he held to be the truth. Some may think that Bersier's influence would have been greater and more efficacious if he had not maintained this attitude of *non possumus* through so many years of oblivion and neglect, when the multitude went past his modest temple to worship at the shrine of Mammon. But the spirit of his Waldensian forefathers was too strong within him. He had seen, too, the consequences of the whittling process, which appeared to him purely negative when not positively disastrous.

To those who hinted that salvation might, after all, be found in the bosom of the universe, and that it could be sought in a hundred ways, Bersier would reply, like the impecunious debtor, when told that money could be raised in as many forms, "Show me one." Since the fulness of time for the secret of

the universe to be revealed has not yet come, this eminent divine was content to stand by the old ways. His apologetic Christianity will suffice, at any rate, to mark a passing interesting phase of faith, and to illumine the annals of his Church with a peculiar lustre. This will keep his memory sweet when timely concessions might possibly have tarnished it.

Eugène Bersier, like his respected colleague, Edmond de Pressensé, laboured to place the seat of religion in the conscience. He had come to recognise that the appeal to dogma called forth no verifying response from a society which had seen doctrines crumbling to pieces without any real countermining influences. Whether it would have been better to resign the hold on these perishing substances, instead of continuing to treat the vain imaginations of men as incomprehensible sacred mysteries, is an open question. This great preacher preferred the foolishness of the Cross, with its wonders recorded on every page of history and in every clime. Like the infant who turned aside the arm of the assassin with a kiss, the Gospel appeared to his trusting eyes the harbinger of peace and salvation.

MIREIO.

MIREIO. A Provençal Poem by Frédéric Mistral. Translated by Harriet Waters Preston. (Cameo Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WE can hardly convey to English readers a better idea of the genius of Frédéric Mistral than by asking them to conceive of William Barnes, the Theocritus of Dorsetshire, as a consummate narrative as well as a consummate lyrical poet. If we can imagine all the latter's isolated gushes of song fused into a continuous strain, and all the manifold motives of his miniature idyls of country life made appendages of a single carefully constructed story, we shall have a fair idea of the general character of "Mireio." The resemblance between the genius and the mission of the two poets is also conspicuous. Both, as artists, are remarkable for natural melody and a simplicity producing the effect of the utmost refinement: both from a moral point of view are distinguished for purity, piety, and pathos. Both offer a most refreshing contrast to the fever and fret of so much modern poetry: both are intensely patriotic, attempting with surprising success almost impossible tasks—the one that of reviving an extinct language, the other that of giving literary form to an unwritten dialect. Each succeeded perfectly for himself; but we agree with the view apparently held by Miss Preston that their fame will survive their influence. To persist in writing Dorsetshire would be plainly affectation; and we share Miss Preston's suspicion that Provençal as written by Mistral and his friends is rather the language of a coterie than of a people. In point of genius the two poets are probably nearly upon a par. With every allowance for the imperfection of the ablest translation, Mistral's notes do not seem so liquid and mellow as those of our Dorsetshire nightingale. On the other hand, he has more power, dash, and energy. Barnes would hardly have found so graphic a simile as that with which Mistral describes the successful boxer's contemptuous dismissal of his antagonist.

"So saying, he loosed his hold,
As some great ram a shearer in the fold
Pins with his knees till shorn; then, with a blow
Upon the crupper, bids him freely go."

It is no empty boast when one who can write thus speaks of himself as a follower of Homer. Nor could Barnes, in whom the epical element was deficient, have made Mistral's vigorous and picturesque use of popular superstitions, which in his hands become patches of the most intense local colouring.

It is in such successive brilliant glimpses of a nature and a society unfamiliar to us that the charm of Mistral's poem principally consists. Imagine Tennyson's picture of Mariana in the South

expanded to fill a vast gallery. We have "the sheets and sacks heaped with olives green and dun"; the labourers riding slowly home, "sideways upon their yoked cattle"; "the clear silk-worms, an artist each, in a tiny loom, weaving a thread all golden"; the lambs, "gaily drest, with tiny tufts of scarlet on the breast"; the castanets which the shepherd carves to make his flock follow him by night; "the orange-laden bark"; "the heron—wild-eyed, with crest of three white plumes upraised in pride." These jewels of description colour a story of which we shall only say that it is as simple, natural, and affecting, as any rustic idyl that ever was written.

Miss Preston's literary gifts need no certificate, and her special sympathy with Provençal life and landscape have lately been manifested by her charming descriptive papers in the *Century*. Her enthusiasm for the literature—a discriminating enthusiasm, however, which refuses to accept the extravagances of some of its apostles—is of older date. She tells us in her preface how, many years ago, admiration for "Mirèio" led her to undertake the task of translation with the slenderest philological equipment. It required much enthusiasm to carry her through so long a work, and to preserve so successfully the sweep and dash of Mistral's verse. It has, indeed, proved impossible to reproduce Mistral's elaborate stanza in its original shape without wearying both translator and reader, and Miss Preston has judiciously fallen back upon a lax heroic couplet, admirably suited to narrative, and recalling, as she says, Morris's "Earthly Paradise." Every now and then one comes on lines that seem perfect Morris:—

"It was good to see
The soil part silently before the share."

"Hummed on
The tabor gravely and incessantly,
Like the low surging of a tranquil sea."

The following is a good specimen of Miss Preston's more habitual manner:—

"Also, farther on,
An ashwood cart, by two white oxen drawn,
Where a deft cartman piles the well-cured grass
By armfuls, high and higher, till the mass
Rises about his loins, and so conceals
The rails, the cart beam, and the very wheels;
And when the cart moves on with the hay trailing,
It seems like some unwieldy vessel sailing."

In her preface Miss Preston claims considerable latitude of rhyming, and we deem her right in the main. The correct accent, however, should not be disturbed to force a rhyme. "Cyrène," for instance, cannot rhyme with "he." And should not "James the Gallican" be James the Gallician?

SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS.

SHORT STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS. By Cyril Ransome. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE eight studies of Shakespeare's plays which compose Professor Ransome's small volume were, as he tells us, "originally delivered as popular lectures before a mixed audience," and it is no disparagement to them to say that they bear the stamp of their origin upon them. Mr. Ransome believes that the tendency of modern teaching is to concentrate the attention of students of Shakespeare on words and idioms and phrases, upon matters of philological and antiquarian interest, rather than upon the substance of the plays, their form, their story, their dramatic completeness. And yet it is to the latter elements, he pleads, rather than to the former, that the surpassing interest of the plays is due. With this view Mr. Ransome has selected eight plays—*Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Richard II.*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, and *The Tempest*—and has set to work to sketch the plots of each in simple language, to consider each scene in turn, its relation to the story, the light which it throws upon the characters engaged, and the light which it throws "upon the

circumstances under which the events which form the plot took place."

In such an undertaking there is, of course, nothing ambitious, and in its execution there can be little that is new. We confess we think that the various sketches given are, on the whole, better suited to be listened to as lectures than to be read in the form in which they now appear; but they are so good as lectures that students of Shakespeare who cannot hear Mr. Ransome may be glad to have access to them in this shape. The analysis of plots is in each case careful, sympathetic, and minute. "We have attempted," says the author, in his study of *Hamlet*, "to realise what Hamlet did," and he markedly abstains from any attempt to explain or criticise the drama as a whole. In the same way, in dealing with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Othello*, with *King Lear*, the author confines himself rigidly to pointing out the line of action and of thought, the motives of the characters, the movement of the story, as he passes along, without attempting any deeper inquiry, or suggesting any original view. Now and then, it is true, he permits himself a remark or a reflection. He stops to observe, in his analysis of *Julius Cæsar*, that a pessimistic political idea runs through the play, amounting to little more than the formula that "Every nation has as good a government as it deserves." In his sketch of *Richard II.* he pauses to give a short picture of the historical circumstances of the day, though we regret to say he does not attempt to throw much new light on the strange and fascinating puzzle which the character of that unhappy king presents. And, again, in dealing with *The Tempest*, the author allows himself a little more freedom, and has something to say of the nature of the plot and of the description of character in it, which makes one wish that he had generally given himself more scope. Within the limits which he sets himself, however, Mr. Ransome has produced an able commentary on the plays which he examines, and students especially will find his book both interesting and useful.

MR. KIPLING'S "COMPLETE NOVEL."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED. By Rudyard Kipling. *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, January, 1891. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been hailed as a genius, and advertised as a Dickens, on the strength of his short stories. He is now occupying himself with an attempt to trample upon the public who have foolishly presumed to praise him. The better to effect his purpose, and to avenge the insult, he has written his first long story, which is to be, so we are informed, the literary sensation of the year. But the end of the year is not yet, and there is time for the long-suffering and trampled public to change its mind more than once upon the question of literary supremacy before the 31st of next December. The chief personage in "The Light that Failed," as well as in his own estimation, is one Dick Heldar. In early life he qualifies for fame by telling lies, and talking precocious love-priggishness to a little girl named Maisie, who, with a total lack of consideration for the feelings of the public, fails to kill him accidentally with a rusty revolver. Shortly afterwards Dick is found in the Soudan as the special war-artist of the Central Southern Syndicate. An opportune but utterly irrelevant battle gives Mr. Kipling a chance of describing some fine slaughter-house scenes, in the course of which an abandoned Arab cuts Dick over the head, and goes contentedly to Paradise. Dick, it should be stated, is a great artist. He comes to London and starves for some time on sausages. The moroseness engendered by this curious diet leads him to say bitter things about the inoffensive inhabitants of London. "Oh, you rabbit-hutches!" said he, addressing a row of highly respectable semi-detached residences.